

Here and There

== A Man ==

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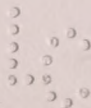


HERE AND THERE A MAN

Here and There a Man

Robert E. Barrett
By
R. E. BARRETT

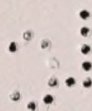
Author of "The Narrow Way," "Ten Years
in the Gilded Path," etc.



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DEDICATION.

This book is dedicated to pure, honorable, virile men, wherever they may be found,—men of the farms, of the cities, factories, offices, churches; men in Governmental employ, men on the railroads, soldiers in the army, sailors on the high seas, and those pursuing every vocation in life, from the laborer who toils for his high-priced bread to those in exalted stations, this book is dedicated to each and all of you. God bless you! Be MEN!

CHAPTER I.

Mixed Emotions.

The day before Ernest Landon started on his westward journey to find a field for his stored up energy, and lately finished education, he sauntered and reviewed all the familiar places of his boyhood home, and said good bye to each and all.

He strolled over the hills into the pleasant valley where the little stream played, and sat beneath the shade of the old Elm he loved so well.

His eye wandered to a sweet and cosy spot farther down its winding course where he had spent many joyful hours talking and yearning with the fairest maiden in the valley. He was thinking of her now, and the more he thought about her the sadder his thoughts became. He knew he must leave her and he sorely dreaded the good bye parting. He had lingered hours and hours living in this rendezvous of the past, when he was startled from his reverie at the sound of a snapping twig. Looking hastily around he beheld the sweetest being God ever gave the breath of life. "Why, Millie Sommers,

aches of the whole community, and was a father to the young and old. "Well, Ernest," he said in his fatherly way. "I did not aim to, but I saw all that just transpired between you and Millie, and allow me to add my blessing."

"Thank you," said the boy, "I am not ashamed that you saw it, Judge, it is honorable in the sight of Him above, sanctioned by Him in His commandments, and may its beauty keep me pure as the dew that falls over these beloved hills and valleys."

"Good, good," said the Judge, "proper thing to do, and never forget about the part you mentioned about the dew. I hear you are leaving tomorrow, Ernest, to seek fame and fortune, and before you go I would be pleased to have you call at my home. I have always had an interest in you and it will give me pleasure to have you come."

"Most certainly I will be pleased to come and if it suits your convenience I will be there at 8 o'clock tomorrow evening," said Ernest.

"Just the hour I would have suggested," said the Judge, "and good bye 'til then."

When the hour arrived the boy was promptly on hand, much to the gratification of the friendly judge. "Pleased to see you, Ernest, take a chair and feel at home."

"Thank you, Judge," said the boy as he sat down.

"Ernest, my boy, I am sad to see you leave us, I have known you since your birth. I knew your father and mother; you were well born, and of fine and honorable parentage, you have been well reared and educated, and I had hoped you would accept a law tutorship under me, but as you have seen otherwise I have no criticism to offer, and your future welfare lies as close to my heart as ever. I want to see you become a respected citizen that will be an honor to any community where your lot may be cast, and if ever the time comes when I can be of any service to you, do not have trepidation to call upon me. I am going to paint a word picture, and I hope it may be of some service to you, and if it is I feel amply repaid. I am going to compare it with the clouds, and let you be the recipient in all its component parts, which I trust are all for enhancement of the highest moral standards, to strengthen, benefit and guide you when the storms toss and beat against the frail bark of life, as we guide it along the shoals of our uncertain existence.

"In the journey of life, from the first wail of the infant to the last tear at the casket, we meet all kinds of clouds. There are the clouds of happiness when we play as children, romping in God's clean outdoors, in-

nocents in our pastime and care free of what our lot may be in the future, and its problems. Responsibilities are not burdensome to us in this day, as we play and play to heart's desire, and lie down at night to rest and slumber in complete exhaustion. We awake in another youthful summer morn and take up the same pleasure again, and play and play to complete content.

"The clouds of accountability appear when we bud forth into manhood. We commence to then realize that we were intended for some work and usefulness, and in the fulness of our vitality, taste the fragrance and enjoyment of life's great battles. They, however, do not worry us for the reason that we enjoy and invite anything full of perplexity, and smile to ourselves at how easy it looks and how some one has failed at obstacles whose solution looks so plausible and requires seemingly such a small amount of intelligence to solve.

"The clouds of contentment obliterate all other clouds when in our fullest joy we ask some maiden to partake of the refreshing anticipations we expect and are confident we will acquire. There is no doubt of our acquisition of these joys; they cannot be otherwise, as every asset is ours when youth and love are ours.

"As the great plan moves on and the clouds of satisfaction fulfill all our desires

and hopes, and keep streaming over the horizon of delight, an extreme sweetness comes when the little fellows call us papa. As they grow and intertwine their little lives into ours and become a breathing, living part of us, we feel that our lot has been sweet and God had been good to us. As they grow from babyhood into toddlers going to school, the cloud of hope warms up our hearts in planning for their future, and expecting great things of them. Nobody ever had such children as ours. Then come the clouds of sorrow and the mists fall, finances bother us, things go wrong, we get impatient and fretful and every way we seem to turn we are baffled. Despondency enthralls us, the clouds hang low and black, the thunder rattles and roars and the lightning booms and cracks and zigzags across the sky of gloom, and we almost suffer defeat. Despair hovers around us until our heads nearly break from thinking in our anxiety to figure some way to extricate the unforeseen condition we have become entangled in.

"We struggle and yearn and lie awake nights tossing and turning on our beds of thorns and thistles, melancholy saturates our entire being until we get almost semi-demented from remorse and failure. We grit our teeth in the determination that the clouds will lift and let the sunshine

through, we realize that there may be days when clouds will darken our mental vision, but surely there must be a day when the sun will burst through and its welcome rays will dispel the awful blackness and its warmth and beauty bring out the better side to gladden and restore.

"After we have borne our cross and drunk the bitterness of our Gethsemane and have staggered from the weariness and exhaustion, and have felt the chilliness of our fellow men that always comes, when we hover near the border line of either mental or financial bankruptcy. We turn in our extreme need to find something better and stronger, surer. We know the battle has lessened our vitality, stolen our youth, dried up the reservoir of conceit and almost conquered us from the standpoint of an utter dependence in our own strength.

"Then we behold the glorious clouds, when the earthly curtain is pulled up by the hands of angels, and as we look into the depths of their vastness, with penetrating and searching anxiety, we are finally able to see the shining face of the crucified Man of Calvary smiling at us, and we feel assured here is our refuge and a safe harbor for all the storms and trials of life, and a sweet and restful happiness dwells in our hearts that all will be well. He is the one that looks so sad when we tell Him of the heart aches,

and the trials, and He looks down and says, "Why did ye not seek me in the days of thy youth, as I could have helped you, oh, so much, when the burden was heavy? Why did you not come as I asked you when you were weak and heavy laden, and received that rest, that I promised?" And while we neglected to heed we feel now that we still need the essence of that entreaty, and we lift up our hands to stronger and more sympathetic hands and we pour out our soul to this steadfast friend, and the clouds, commence to disappear, and we see all things anew. The mists may fall again, the heavy clouds may hang low, the same discouragements and heart aches will come again, and the entire category of gloom will hover around us, but it cannot overwhelm or engulf us, for we have an added strength, a greater help, and an ever bubbling spring of encouragement and help for all our trials, embodied in a sweet peace and joyful happiness that chases away all clouds and never leaves you alone."

"God bless you, my boy," said the Judge, as he laid his hand on his shoulder, "never be ashamed to stand squarely for every principle as is laid down by the great Author of Righteousness; call on Him often, and take this Bible as a token of my esteem of Him, and a safe guide for your untrained feet."

"Thank you, Judge," said the boy as he brushed a side a tear, "I'll be a MAN," and he stepped out into the darkness of the night with a fuller conception of life's problem's, than he had ever realized before.

CHAPTER II.

Pleasure and Advice.

After Ernest had left Millie, and those joyful hours were still filling her breast with that new and blissful joy, she was thinking of the time when he would come to claim her as his own, and how happy she would be. "What a joyful thing life is," she thought, "full of hope and sweetness. How beautiful everything is, and what a wise Creator that provided and moulded such perfection. How pleasant it is to live, and what glittering prospects the future has."

Charmed with her thoughts, she strolled along in the pleasing sunshine of her life, and walked and talked with nature. The birds sang to her as she passed them; the trees smiled, the skies seemed to be satisfied; the valley listened, and the flowers whispered, and the little stream was saying what Ernest said, and as she sat again by the old elm, she wished it might speak and tell the story again. What a privilege to live in such a big world, with nature to console and encourage. What was that she

heard the Judge telling some one to do,—one less fortunate than herself? Oh, yes, now she remembered, "Encouragement is a shining jewel that sparkles when used and dispels gloom with brightness.

"That's what I will do some day," she thought, "when he comes back to claim me. I'll drive away all his cares and pains, and be a model, ever-bubbling spring of encouragement to the weary and depressed. Yes, I will."

And the old elm that had stood for years and years and watched the sunbeams kiss the little stream, bowed its head in sympathetic understanding. A little zephyr played here and there, rumpling and tossing a lock of her hair, and the birds sang a quiet and restful coo, coo, and all nature seemed to understand the old old story.

"Oh, what a beautiful thing life is, how could it be otherwise?" she thought as the new emotion surged back and forth like the restless tide of the sea and kept refreshing and invigorating and pacifying. What noise was that she heard and what right had any living being to disturb her thoughts?

"What in the world are you doing here, Patrick Brannigan?"

"Out for me hilt."

"Shame on you for using the English language so arrogantly," said Millie.

"Listen to me new poem, Millie," said Pat, without any apparent discomfiture, and he started to recite.

"Take care, my maiden,
When your years are laden,
With the best that God can give,
That some artful boy
Whose most alloy
Will want your life to give.

"Remember you'll rue
If from haste you do
The things that make life sad,
'Tis better to wait
Than seal your fate
With a heart that's vile and bad.

"Don't try and think
That the boy who'll drink
And smoke a cigarette,
Is the one you can
Make out a Man
And all your life regret.

"Ring out a NO
For such a beau;
He isn't worth your while,
Just bide a wee
And be sure 'tis he
You know is free from guile."

"Why Pat, such a poem for my hearing?"

"Tis nothing, me lady; 'tis me nature that flows to poetry. Good day, but ramimbir the laytle verses," and he departed.

"Well, I declare, Pat surely does not know about the betrothal and the sweet pledges made, does he, old elm and little stream? I know he does not. His poetry is not appropriate. I'll remember to tell him some years later of the mistake he made in reciting such as he did, and tell him of the error he made, but shucks! he'll get out of it some way. I have the first to see of his type that couldn't through some way or the other get out of any kind of corner. It's a wonder death could defeat his likes."

"Well, I declare, Millie," said Judge Wilhelm, "conversing with nature? I thought I heard some one speaking."

"Oh, no, Judge, not with nature, but a nature fakir."

"Well, I declare," said the Judge with a smile, "and whom, I pray, is the imposter?"

"Oh, that man Brannigan was here, and of course, he was full as usual."

"Why, Millie! Full, Brannigan full?"

"Yes, full of poetry."

"Oh, that sounds better. I would have been pleased to have heard him recite, and may I ask was the poetry fitted to the occasion, or rather, I should say, to the occa-

sions, that have transpired in the last few hours?"

"Why, Judge Wilhelm," she said, as she sprang to her feet, "did you see and hear?"

"I saw," said the Judge, "but alas, I did not hear; but the latter part I can realize from your glowing countenance and by taking a glimpse of my own life some forty or more years in the past. Allow me to add my blessing, a double blessing, so to speak, as I have already bestowed one upon Ernest."

"Well, thank you, Judge. I some way do not dread to speak of it before you."

"Never dread anything that is honorable, Millie, and especially the beauty and fragrance of an epoch like this that is entirely satisfactory to the plans of both God and man. And while I think of it, Millie, I wish you would come to my home this evening. Excepting other engagements at 8 o'clock P. M., I have a few words that I would be pleased to offer to you as a sort of advance guard."

"I'll be pleased, highly pleased, to come," she said, and they parted.

As the clock tolled the eight strike, in walked the petite Millie, in a well-cut, sensible evening gown.

"Glad to see you, Miss Millie," said the Judge, "and to note your promptness. Now Millie," said the Judge, in a sort of a

sad tone, "I hope you will take no offense at my few remarks, as nothing would be farther from my thoughts or give me more pain than to have you construe anything I say into disrespect. I believe in advising on the bench, and more readily so off the bench, and what I wish to say is gleaned from personal observation and the immoral effect it has to spread decay by its abuse and disregard. You are on the threshold of life with all before you, and you will be held responsible for whatever part you take. Do not cause anyone to stumble by your actions. Keep your mind clean, your body pure, and your actions straightforward, and you will be respected and admired, and some day be able to see the clear water under the miry, unclean surface, and thank me for my interest in you, and understand. You are old and sensible enough to fully understand the sad lessons that come from abused moral standards, and I will talk along this line under the caption, Is it all man's fault?

"While we are heaping tirade, deecit and all the attributes that a false man represents and is deserving of, and contending he is entitled to the major portion, and which he is, and also giving him his deserts as a flatterer and gay imposter, which he is also entitled to, let us not forget that noble being God created from man and destined

woman. Let us focus our field glasses of truth upon her awhile as she saunters along the highway of righteousness, and see how far she has wandered from the straight and pure path, and also note as we go along how much, if any, she has helped to raise or lower the moral standards for men, and what she is doing to help lessen the immoral wave that is flooding this country. Let us wander with her awhile in the silent sanctuary of purity and see just what her attitude as a strong moral force is composed of. In the first place does she always stand for cleanliness of thought, and is she careful that this fundamental principle and requisite is not allowed to tarnish through any impropriety of the slangy and uncultured phrases that abound at the present time so prevalently? Is she the source of admiration and beauty that God intended her for? She certainly is, and far above in comparison with man, but not as she was originally intended. She is negligent in allowing herself to follow fashion, to the extent of immodesty that is degrading and unchaste. Remember, whenever woman casts aside modesty and bows complacently to improper attire, she invites and encourages debasing remarks that she certainly must be cognizant of, and that lies within herself to correct and abstain from. Can man have the pure and moral thought of woman that he should when everywhere he meets her she

flaunts temptation in his face, boldly and arrogantly, makes advances in manner and actions improper, and acts and looks too bewitching. It is true, chastity in man should pass this by unnoticed, and the pure, clean-minded man does, but should not cleanliness in woman, who is built on a higher and purer plan than man, be uppermost? Why should woman stoop to the things when she is aware of the danger it incurs? Her distasteful apparel cannot attract otherwise than that which is disrespectful and demoralizing and decreases virtue.

“Any woman that flirts with temptation and constantly flaunts it before men, cannot expect to keep her high standard of purity and sacred virtue, and at the same time aggrandize the opposite force that combats. Bold, forward women do not become such instantly, but allow themselves the training by stooping to disobey, and little by little timid femininity becomes bold and brazen and leads farther and farther away until the caution ceases to become her strong Gibraltar.

“Any effrontery that is not curbed, sooner or later drags its victim into a miry, treacherous, and unsafe condition that takes some herculean effort to overcome and retain again the anchor of virtue, the untarnished jewel of God’s greatest gift. The beast in man that takes the spirit of Jesus to eliminate and thoroughly eradicate and quell, is hazardous

when enticed and tempted by unthinking women. All men are not of this foul standard, but the number of them that are is simply astonishing, and any student of observation who has reached my age in life will bear out my assertion. Women should be extremely sensitive of the great claim posterity has upon them, and the highly essential need they are to future progress and happiness. Think long and well, whether or not your successors will be idiots, imbeciles, lunatics, or individuals with clean minds and great moral and intellectual force. We cannot advance and keep our prestige as a country unless we have mothers and fathers worthy of the name. Any one with the minutest intelligence can look far enough into the uncertain future and see generations that cannot be compared to earlier ones, when men and women lived purer lives, and especially the women. Man has never been the clean-minded and pure-thinking atom that he should, and in every generation the woman has been above him, and the greater model of righteousness and virtue.

“It is for the women to cleanse and purify our country or else have a crying damnation on their souls, in so far as they are accountable for their portion. Frivolous women are not to blame so much, because they have not the intellects that contain much, development and advancement is beyond them, and it is

almost useless to spend any time with them, as the large part of frivolous girls are frivolous gray heads. Matrimony should be carefully weighed and then re-weighed before any pure, noble, clean and virtuous girl weds the coarse, vulgar, sensual, degraded brute that makes life a living hell.

"There are a few good, clean, splendid men that are worthy, but vigilance should be used assiduously, and be on your guard for vile, deceitful, low-down, dirty men, and dread them like poison, for they are the worst kind. Watch their countenances, and nature will help you if your observation is scrutinizing, for every violation of the natural laws carries a penalty. Watch for them and be exceedingly cautious; it means so much to you. Keep your dress and manners above reproach and distinctly remember the word 'man' covers a small per cent in these days. Lustful brutes are what most of them are, and the filthiest, lowest kind, who wait to snare some pure, virtuous girl. Beware of them!"

"Thank you, Judge," said Millie, "for your admonition against woman in the part she is responsible for, and the denunciation of men. I know, young as I am, that you speak the truth, and again I thank you for your interest in my welfare, and bid you good evening."

CHAPTER III.

A Friendly Call From Brannigan.

"Good avening, your honor. I beg your pardon for not sinding in me craydintials announcing that I was here, but baing an ould frind I take the liberty of dhroppin' in whiniver I can sphare the oppurtunity and convanience."

"I am very glad to see you, Pat, and any breach of etiquette is not held against you, for none has been committed. I suppose as usual your soul is overcrowded with poetry, and any time you feel disposed to recite, I will class it as an honor to be a good listener."

"Shure, yer honor, you do me a great kindness to mintion me whim for the verses, and 'fore we part I may impose a short verse or two to aise me sowl. But I dhropped in, me frind, to till ye that I fale lonesome since the going away of me other frind Airnest. He was a foine young mon and I hope 'tis the sphlendid, honorable mon he will ba for his own sake and the good ould fayther and mither and the swate and pritty Miss Millie."

"Pat," said the Judge, "I always knew you were one of the tender and sympathetic kind, that has the interest of others at heart, and I wish to compliment you upon this rare and splendid trait; it is commendable, and I wish

more people had it. I tell you, Pat, that the majority of people in these days have too much frost in their natures, and leave a chilly trail wherever they go; it is giving help and encouragement to others that fought a clean and honorable fight, that pays and emulates.

"This living to ourselves and turning a deaf ear to sorrow, heart aches and remorse is pretty narrow in my estimation, and not found in any of the teachings of the good book. I believe in the good book and in endeavoring to live it the best I can. I believe the greatest sermon that was ever preached and far beyond anything preceding or succeeding it that the fertile mind of man in all time has never come near its equal, the whole essence of that wonderful logical theme, the sermon on the mount, dealt with the common people. Too much society, class distinction, and demoralizing fads and nonsensical isms and schisms to advance in the pure and brotherly love, principle, and moral growth like we should. Too much time wasted in unprofitable amusements that cut deep inroads into improved necessary and essential requirements to sustain a well-balanced, thoughtful individual or nation. Our time and attention is taken up with a sort of driftwood present-minute enjoyment and lay aside the crying need of charity and helping to bear the other fellow's burden. The greatest enjoyments I have received in life have been those in assisting

others, and while I hope it has assisted them, it has also been a great benefit to myself. It is the poor fellow who has lost and played the game clean that my heart goes out to. The cost is small to greet with friendliness the man that stands on the edge of the precipice of despondency and bring him away from his perilous position by words of cheer and brotherly interest. We owe this duty of assistance, and the more practised the fuller the remuneration."

"Bedad, Judge, ye almost make me spacheless with yer common sinse talk. I belave loike yer worthy silf that we can be millynaires in doing good dades to ithers if we can't ba the money koind. 'Tis a great comfort a body enjoys that shoves the paw of britherly affliction to a poor divil that is about to go down. I wish I could take yer larning, me good frind, and me stoicism, (do ye moind the worrud, Judge), and unite the two. Wouldn't I make the dust fly from thim that hobnob in deginirate sociaty. But I haven't the one requisite to compound with the ither, so o'll be contint with following the gude book the way ye said and live up to the intilgince I have and stale a laytle from ithers as I pass along."

"I am glad you said that, Pat, about living up to the intelligence you have; it covers some profound thought that is purifying. I can always learn something from you that

does me good, and it is not the first time since our long and valuable friendship that I have met difficulties in which you have helped me to solve, and while you may think your conversation is commonplace and containing the usual remarks of a man of your education and reasoning powers, you say many things that are worthy, and more worthy of meritable truth and helpfulness, than a great many who have both education and culture. It is not so much education as you think, and while I have the highest regard for any one who possesses that worthy attainment, it is not worth very much unless humanity can be benefited by it.

“And, after all, it is not so much what we know as what we do, and if we get so cultured and refined that we cannot do acts of kindness that come from the heart and help like the good Samaritan, that we are all entrusted with, we are not keeping the moth and rust away, and the thieves are commencing to break through and steal. It is the unsophisticated help we give in the urgent necessity that puts the jewels in our crown. We are getting so far away from the loving teachings of him who gave his life that we might have a greater love, that if we do not call a halt, I feel uneasy that some great calamity will come upon us like it seems it always takes to awaken from the lethargic and perilous situation we are drifting in.

"We cannot expect to wander away from the laws of the Commandments and gain any lasting, beneficial reward. The law breakers of God's laws cannot escape the exacting penalties, with any more disregard than the laws of man, and it is simply a fundamental principle in the abstract that neither should be violated if we are to gain the highest perfection of honorable citizenry, in the sight of God and man. Can we look forward to any degree of national prosperity and expectancy with the same faith and desire it, or in other words, are we entitled to it if we abuse the basic foundation where growth and development are contained? What would be the condition of our country if we flagrantly abused the spiritul laws? We are grossly negligent of violations of God's law to our own detriment. We boast of honesty, and still if we run over to see our neighbor we lock our doors, and the old commandment is as good as ever, and still says 'Thou shalt not steal' Why, this world here would be a paradise if the Ten Commandments were kept, and we would not need the Judicial department, and I believe it could be eliminated entirely. But the innocent must suffer with the guilty. The man that takes God's name in vain is a law breaker of the commandments, just as much as the man who slanders your precious name. You take him to task and get restitution under the laws of the land, and God

lets him go. Yes, for a short time, but alas, how exacting he is too when the dew of death moistens his brow, and how he pleads and clamors for another chance, and gets it and abuses it, and continually gets chances, and still God is good to him. God gives man every chance that can be given before he deals out the penalty. He listens to you condemn him, deny him, blaspheme him, and commit all manner of offenses for sixty, seventy, eighty, and sometimes longer years, and then waits for you to come and ask forgiveness. He sees your immorality, your adultery, and double, sneaking life, seething with foulness and indecency, and still lets you go on. Can you find any one that will give you a squarer deal, when ninety-nine men out of a hundred would have pummeled the life out of you if you did half as much against them as you have done against God. Then how can you expect to escape the penitentiary he has ready for you? You get it here, and don't get old-fashioned and think you will escape it hereafter. You had your chance, and if you neglected it, blame no one but yourself, and call yourself what you really are, a miserable, law-breaking derelict.

"Pat, I did not wish to say so much along this line, but I see so much by being in the position that I am, that sometimes I cannot help it. I see so much in the voluminous little dirty divorce cases that come before me,

that I am loath to cease. Understand me, I am not saying that there are not justifiable divorces, for there are, and it is a great blessing for many women and a few men. But when those rich humbugs get a divorce and marry again as soon as the law permits them, and then get another divorce and wed again, it makes me disgusted, and it's a crying shame on our country to allow it. The dirty claims of infelicity set up in their petitions is an insult to the respectability of any community, but the law helps their ends and desires and allows the disgraceful, immoral, putrid carbuncle to grow, and so we have it."

"Nivir did I hear you say so much along this loine, me frind, and I till ye truly, I dapely apprayciate the miny foine things ye have exprissid. Your sintimints and me own coinsoide pracisely and cling to me loike poverty to an ould counthry orishman, from me own experience ye till but the unclothed truth, and bedad me heart is dapely touched more than ivir for me fellow mon, and now a verse or two to aise me sowl and oill be on me way to me castle.

"Why is it today
So many say
Their heart is heavy and sad?
Is it the worry
The fret and hurry
That steals the spirit glad?

"The birds don't sing
With their joyful ring,
And nowhere is there room
For the things that cheer
And hold life dear
When the heart is filled with gloom.

" 'Tis not for me
On life's stormy sea
To harbor the dreary side;
But in all I do
As I journey through
Let all that's good abide.

"Old worry kills
Beyond all pills
When you let it be supreme.
But the joy that's felt
When good is dealt
Should be the master theme."

CHAPTER IV.

The Destination.

After Ernest's departure from the home of Judge Wilhelm he walked toward the depot to await the arrival of the train that would take him away from this venerable man and his fiancée. His mind was filled with sad thoughts, and his heart felt heavy but he must win and overcome everything for her that he loved, and the strength of manhood, and be a man, as he had promised the Judge.

His plans were not moulded so strongly as to what he fully expected to do, but what slight changes could be made, and not materially affect his hurried itinerary. He was satisfied his destination would be in the small city of Sunrise, just over enough in California, so that he could so state it, without any infringement upon the truth. He knew this much and he also knew his position of Civil Engineer in the draughting department of a proposed railroad was assured whenever he reported for duty, this much was beyond any doubt, but the many details to get everything to conform pleasantly and profitably were all to

be arranged and completed, but he spent no time in brooding along this line, he must first pacify that lonely feeling of going away so rapidly growing into homesickness, unless relieved and let other matters come as they may and be conquered when met.

His mind was so occupied that the whistle of the train was heard before he was aware of its approach; picking up his suitcase and putting under his arm the Bible which the Judge had presented him, he swung on the lower step and walked into the chair car and sat down in an unoccupied seat, another short interval for the necessary ingress and egress of baggage and passengers and he was speeding away on his journey and leaving behind all the dearest things in life. As he allowed his mind to again wander beside the old elm and the nectar again was ready and dripping into his soul, and the pleasant memory of those few hours were surging for supremacy in the rapid transpiring events of the past few days, his reverie was distracted by some one laughing boisterously behind him; turning around in his seat he heard the remarks, "See the young Sky Pilot and his spiritual encyclopedia waiting for patients." He knew at once the remark was made for his sole benefit as he still clasped the Word of God under his arm, to be sure of its safety.

But to be certain that the remark was for him solely, he said, "I presume, gentlemen, you allude to me as the Sky Pilot, am I correct?"

"You are the guy," said one fellow whose breath had the odor of a country grave yard. "Yep, you are the geaser."

"Well, fellows," said Ernest in a cool and amiable manner, "You do me a special honor by associating me with the ministry, in which I must state you are mistaken. This book here, this Bible is the holy word of God, and I am not ashamed to carry it in the open. It is the oldest book in our land, it has been read more than all the rest of the volumes put together, and it is quoted more than any other book in existence. I dare say that if I ask either of you three men that alluded to me shortly after I entered this car, to quote the first four words in this book, neither of you could. If I judge you wrongly I hasten to beg your pardon and forgiveness. Now kindly tell me the first four words in the book of—by the way, what is the first book in the Bible?" None of the trio could answer either of the questions Ernest had asked.

A crowd commenced to gather and Ernest who was complacent of other's feelings and not wishing to further embarrass them, said, "Boys, this is what the Book of Genesis, which means beginning, says, "In the

beginning, God,' here it is, look for yourselves." None doubting his veracity he added, "If God was in the beginning, God will surely be in the ending, and if he is in beginning and at the ending he must be all through, and this gives import and strength that this Bible is God's word and the truth."

"Now does the truth ever cause any unrighteousness, or anything to be ashamed of, then why should I feel disgraced to carry this book conspicuously and let anyone know that it is the Bible and see it for themselves? Boys, do not ever ridicule the Bible, it is not only in bad taste, but it reflects on most mothers, who have and do read it, and by their prayers and their reading have helped to sustain and develop this great nation, by giving us the larger portion of our great men."

"You are right, my boy," spoke several, in which all three of the boys could be heard to mildly assent.

All through this discourse Ernest had heard the fretful cry of a restless baby in farther end of the car, and walking up that way, he said to the small, worn-out mother, "Let me try and see if I can console him, and you lie down and get some rest." Such a look as the woman gave Ernest could only be compared to one that he had seen in Millie's eyes, and he knew it spoke of the deepest admiration that lies in the sacred

depths of the soul. "Oh, thanks for the kindness," spoke the woman, "he has been so restless and irritable that he has almost worn me out, and still he will not go to sleep."

"Come here, you rascal," said Ernest, as he picked him up and tossed him in the air, and chucked his little chin, "you come with me to my seat." And playing and talking to him it was not long until he became pacified.

Not watching him for a few seconds he grabbed the Bible and before Ernest could interfere with his intentions he had torn a leaf out. Everyone looked for the larger boy to rebuke the smaller, but instead Ernest picked up the leaf and remarked, "It is only the page that tells of the travel of Jonah, and we all know anyway where he was the three days, so the loss is not irreparable."

This light sally pleased the crowd and they warmed to the boy and baby. Rocking the little hope of Presidency for a short time brought the long strived for results, and he soon fell fast asleep, and as he slept the tired mother slept and the act of kindness was appreciated by all.

A nice, elderly-looking gentleman came and sat beside Ernest and engaging in conversation asked Ernest where he was going, and the boy, glad to have some one to

talk with, told of his destination, his hopeful aspirations and the position awaiting him. His listener was of the quiet kind who listens in rapt attention and sort of sounds the material that composes a good strong character and finally said to the boy, "I believe I can be of some assistance to you, as I used to be a citizen of Sunrise some years ago, and was well acquainted with the people and I would advise and recommend while you stay there to domicile with 'Ma', she runs a boarding house and also keeps lodgers, and her place is unsurpassed for a clean, respectable, and highly efficient establishment. I am well acquainted with her and you will find her one of the sweetest and dearest persons that you have ever met. They all call her 'Ma' for her motherly interest in every one, not only those that are sheltered under her roof but every one she meets. She never complains, and I never heard her say an unkind word of anyone. Just as natural for her to love the whole community, with cats, dogs and tramps thrown in for good measure. Never saw another or ever heard of a character like 'Ma.' Just ask for 'Ma's' place, my boy," said the kindly man as he brushed aside a tear, "and anyone can direct you."

"Thank you, most heartily; I certainly appreciate the information, and nothing cheers so much as to have some one bearing

the characteristics of 'Ma,' as you term her to help keep away morose thoughts when entering a new place with unfamiliar conditions and among strangers."

"That's right, my boy, and you be sure and hunt up 'Ma' and be guided by that book under your arm, and I have no dread as to your future and its success. Good luck to you," and the kindly man took leave.

The hours finally yielded to the journey's distance, and as the sun rose in the eastern sky, and the balmy, fragrant air drifted through the upraised windows of the car, the locomotive's shrill whistle told of its advent into Sunrise.

Picking up his grip with a firm clasp and gripping tightly under his arm the valued present from the Judge, Ernest stepped from the platform of the car and let his feet rest for the first time on California soil. Gazing awhile at the new and pleasant surroundings and thinking it a little early to locate 'Ma,' he decided to place his grip and gift in the care of the baggage man and stroll through the town.

The trees were wonderful for their contour, symmetry and size, and as he beheld their beauty his mind again went back to the old elm, and its sweet story of love and hope. "I must win and be a MAN," he meditated. "I certainly must." The palms and the orange trees waving gently in the pure

morning air whispered "Yes." And as each inhalation of the invigorating air coursed its way through his veins and filled his being with buoyancy and determination to carry out the full context to be a MAN. As he walked on and on looking at the signs and the mercantile houses, his eye rested for a moment on one that said "Saloon."

"Oh," he gasped, "I had hoped you hell hole of iniquity would find no abode in such a lovely place, but never mind, you putrid, demoralizing curse, the red flag waving all over this country has your years numbered and inside the next decade the liberty my grandfather shed his blood for will be born again in another great liberty, when all mankind will be liberated from the tear-stained, heart-aching goad of intemperance. Do not forget here is one that will fight you, and God speed the day when your dirty sign will not be allowed to flaunt itself in the face of American people. I can't help it," he mused, "to eject vituperation on such a hellish business, and I am ashamed the land of the free and the home of the brave allows its continuance."

"I must hurry up and get some more fragrance from those orange blossoms to kill that other stench. Guess I will go back and get my grip and Bible and hunt up 'Ma.'"

Coming along another thoroughfare fifteen minutes later he met a pedestrian and

said, "My good friend, I beg your pardon, but could you direct me to 'Ma's'? A gentleman on the train informed me there lived here a most lovable woman known as 'Ma,' and I neglected to ask him her right name. So all I can ask you is if you know such a person as 'Ma?'"

"I do, sir, and I am proud to class her as a friend of mine, and for the life of me, I never heard but that name of 'Ma,' ever since I have known her. You go on this same highway for about another half mile and you will see a neat bungalow, painted in light brown, and alongside this bungalow is a two story white lodging house surrounded by trees, palms and flowers. Inquire at either house for 'Ma,' and you will find a personage by that title and I will add you will never regret the acquaintance."

"Thank you, sir," Ernest said, and started to find 'Ma.'

"Seems queer that she is termed 'Ma', I can easily fathom the term and its application to sweetness and all that is good and lovely in human character, but it is certainly somewhat awkward to come into a strange place and start asking for 'Ma'. Seems kind of peculiar, but I presume I will understand the term better when I am more accustomed to its application so here I go to find 'Ma,' and 'Ma' I will find."

Walking up to the brown bungalow he rang the door bell, and as he waited the arrival of some inmate, he hurriedly generalised his etiquette so as not to be too abrupt or ill mannerly and blurt right out, "Is this 'Ma'? or 'Ma's' place?"

"Good morning," a pleasant, motherly-looking woman said. "Can I be of any service to you?" "Yes, my good woman, you certainly can, and I beg a thousand pardons if I err, but have I the pleasure of addressing 'Ma'?"

"Yes, you have, my boy, and that's what they all call me. I have a very large family, not of my own but everybody else's."

This aroused the boy's humor enough to smile and he said, "I am a stranger here within a foreign land, as the song says, and I wish you would be like the Bible hen and take me under your custody and care, and I will endeavor to be another good child in your large family. All I ask is a trial and if I show any unruliness and become disobedient, I can in a short time pack my few belongings and decamp."

"All right," said 'Ma', "I'll take you on probation. I like the looks of your credentials, and especially the one under your arm. I have no hesitancy in telling you, I like the looks of your face and your frank manner sandwiched with some semi-hu-

morous remarks. Faces like yours are sort of like those deeds with the Warranty clause which reads in the covenant to warrant and defend. You are welcome to the best I have. Come on in, and I will show you to your room."

CHAPTER V.

The New Lawyer.

When Torg Raymond stepped from the train and viewed for the first time the Village of Rainbow, that was struggling so energetically to become a city, and the old home of Ernest Landon, and the dwelling place of Pat, Millie, and the dear old Judge, he had no intention of staying longer than a fortnight, but after that duration of time had elapsed, he felt so much better physically as well as mentally, that he decided to prolong his stay without any definite plans when he would leave, if ever.

He needed thorough and complete rest, and he concluded this would be a good place to commune with nature and let the poetical side of his nature have full sway until he regained his once good health, energy and composure. Although his vocation was that recommended by the sage Blackstone, he was of the reticent and reluctant type, and never anxious to crowd himself forward. He was a slender, sensitive, meditative, deeply sensitive, sympathetic, honorable man. He preferred solitude rather than boldness, but when aroused, his ability was a source of ad-

miration and respect, and he could marvelously and with ease and grace take his place among the most gifted. His was the life that called for the simple and primeval, and he loved the leisure stroll, and this was the first thing he did when he arrived in Rainbow. Walking along, deeply occupied with studious thoughts, he heard two men quarreling and threatening each other. Both were struggling for the mastership of their vocabulary for emphatic adjectives of violent denunciation and paying no respect to the Commandments that forbid the taking of a precious name in vain.

Stepping close to them he said, "Gentlemen, I beg your pardon for intruding, and hope you will not think me impertinent, but it actually makes my heart ache to hear you take in vain the name of a man who was a MAN, and gave his life for you and drank the cup of sorrow to its dregs that it might help to make men be manly. I realize that both of you are heated and angry from a controversy of some kind, but nevertheless I am going to speak to you frankly and plainly, and I feel that you both will be sorry and regret the occurrence, and the vile epithets you have been so free in using. My profession is one that deals with the law and its strict observance and enforcement. Giving to my profession all the credence and respect due the calling, I say to both of you in all candor

that you are law breakers, and I do not say this to be terse or ironical, but merely state it as a fact and leave it to your sense of honor and fairness as intelligent men to judge the truth of my remarks. I allude to the foul and uncalled for utterances each of you ejected in your thoughtlessness in defaming the name of my Lord who created all three of us. Why do you men so flagrantly violate the Commandment that forbids you to take the name of God or Jesus in vain, with less ease than you break a statutory law? Do you think it will go unnoticed and you be held blameless for the infraction and transgression you committed? First in the name of common sense, why did you use such profane language? Does the clearing of your systems through such measures put any premium on your manhood? You both know the indecency of your thoughts as you embellished them towards each other is not anything to feel proud over. What satisfaction do you glean from it, and where is there any reward to be expected? It is nothing else than an accusation where manhood is negligent to such an extent that you do not possess the sterling attributes that are found in an honorable man. When we speak that word "man" there is something contained therein to be set as a standard that surrounds purity, honesty, truth, courage, and all those excellent qualities that stand for a man that is a man. Take away any of those

qualities, and you rob the word of its merit. Cease your invectives against a character that was a MAN, and step out from under such illegitimate practice and stand for principle grounded in common sense.

"Suppose in place of using oaths you use each other's name every time instead? Would it not look and make you feel silly, and bring out more clearly the absurdity? Then why take his, and then show me any wisdom; why defame him any more than your own? Why villify him any more than yourselves? I thank you. Gentlemen, be men."

This mild rebuke to the quarrelsome couple eased Torg's mind; nor did he only find pleasure in it, but something else seemed to calm and rest him, something of a keen and enjoyable nature that he relished. It always comes with good deeds fearlessly executed in the cause of right.

Feeling deeply repaid for the part he had taken in the controversy, he sauntered on, and by accident he came to the old elm. As he sat under its welcome shade, he thought of his early life and his Lincolnian struggle with adversity. He smiled as he pondered in the archives of the past, and how he used to practice the art of orations to the trees, hay stacks, unused and forsaken caves and grave-stones. He nearly laughed outright when he thought of the gavestones and the extempore texts he used to hold them spellbound with.

While talks of this kind had broadened his mind, even though to inanimates, he could not but help think of the many discourses in the graveyards. The City of the Dead is rather a solemn place, and there was no fear of being disturbed by applause or objections about any of the remarks he made, as it was sort of dealing with the dead languages to dead hearers. No leaves to rustle or disturb, and it could be truly said the pins dropping could be heard. Henry Clay, the peerless orator of his day, outside of the master mind of Daniel Webster, used to speak to the cows, but I have favored absolute silence, where there was no doubt or dread that any of the dead would take issue with what might be said. Some old cow might moo, and this would disturb the eloquence and disintegrate the loftiness and cause an Icarian fall. Many times the discourse was rendered at the grave of Hamilton—not Alexander Hamilton, the great financier of the war of the rebellion, but Ellsworth D. Hamilton, cashier of the First National Bank of J—, and undoubtedly of the same lineage.

The only fear was that some hungry official, looking for fees, might make an arrest on the grounds of insanity, and endeavor to prove the contention by reason of the address being given in a place of solitude, where people are finally expected to get rest from their fellow man. But like Henry Clay, his mind

developed and no disgrace could be attached to the peculiar temperament and the unusual places where the oratory was delivered and polished. Under this old elm would be a good place for an oration, and some day I may come out here, old fellow, and pour out a senatorial discourse on the temperance question or some other burning issue of the day; perhaps I may take a text from The Holy Writ, but not today, old fellow, as I cannot command enough energy to entertain you properly, and I think I will go back to the village, and look up Judge Wilhelm. If I recollect correctly he is located here. So good-bye, old fellow, till we meet again."

On his way back he hailed a man riding a mule and said, "I beg your pardon, my good friend, I am a stranger here, and I thought perhaps you could impart the information I desire."

"Would be more than pleased to, sir; at your pleasure, sir."

"Do you know if there resides here a man commonly called Judge Wilhelm?"

"I do, sir, and he is a *man*, and one I am proud to know, an upright, conscientious, God-fearing man."

"Something unusual for a Judge to possess all those sterling qualities, is it not?" asked Torg.

"Very unusual sir; extraordinary so, very much so," said the man, then as the mule

brayed, and a rasping, resonant bray it was, too, as if to say, "I am from Missouri."

"Well, thank you, my kind friend, for the information, and a pleasant good day to you."

Knocking at the door of the Judge's house soon brought a quick response by his honor answering in person.

"Good evening, sir; walk in and be seated, please."

"Thank you, sir," said Torg, "you do me a great favor to be so hospitable, not knowing whether I might be a horse thief or a real estate man."

"No fear," said the Judge, as he smiled, "I would almost wager my long experience with human nature that your conscience has not a troubled thought over anything you ever misappropriated for self gain, and I'll judge your veracity by your reply, and I feel it will be 'No.' Am I right?"

"You are, sir, and I thank you," replied Torg.

"I do not often misjudge a clean, open face like you carry; but excuse me, I may be taking time from you that may have been your wish to employ otherwise."

"Not in the least, sir. I am here in the interest of my health, and my name is Torg Raymond, and a lawyer by profession, from the City of Blairsdare back in one of the eastern states."

"Well, I am indeed glad to meet you, doubly so for the reason the city you named is my old home, and the profession you are engaged in. I hope we will be good friends and meet often during your stay. Well, well, how glad I am to hear you are from Blairsdare. I must ask you how some of my old friends are getting along, and the judge named many whom he recalled with pleasure.

"All getting along nicely," said Torg.

"Very glad to hear a good report of them, and we must rehearse this same topic again some time, and now tell me something concerning yourself. if I am not presumptuous in my query?"

"Not in the least, your honor, and there is not much to tell that would be educational; just that of an average lawyer, first the struggle for the parchment, then the anxiety to get in the fray and deal out a clean, honorable profession that I can look back to from any stage in life, without any tinge of shame that I took a client's money dishonestly, or antagonized and encouraged litigation when there was no merit in the assumption at issue. That I guess is about my brief, your honor, and the substance of my career, and I rest."

"Shake hands," said the Judge, "I wish more were like you, and the profession would be like it should be and some of the

junk we have could be relegated to the railroads as day laborers, farm hands, and in a good many other departments where they belong. Better for everybody to have a good section hand than a 'cut on the bias' lawyer. Too bad to rob labor of its just deserts and get nothing in return. But the good and the bad must go together, I presume, and we will have to bear it. I hope you decide to stay here indefinitely and become a permanent fixture or resident rather. I know you will like the place and it certainly will be a pleasure to me to have you do so. I somehow feel, and I have no substantiated reason to offer why I have such a feeling, but I have, and I earnestly believe that there is some great work for you to perform and carry out, and it will fall to you to execute."

"Sort of a fortune-teller, are you, Judge, or a telepathic reader in the shadows casting ahead?"

"No, I have no skill at all in the weird or uncanny, but just what is termed a hunch, and I base my prophecy entirely on it, and not such a bad thing to be guided by sometimes. I hope time will prove the correctness of my assumption and be a satisfaction to both of us."

"If it does, your Honor, no one will feel the gratification more beamingly and endeavor to act in a manner wholly within a demeanor

of straightforward principles than myself. My worldly goods so far in life are not of such magnitude to arouse jealousy or envy in the heart of anyone, and the path so far is straight enough to see the starting point, and while it has been a pretty rough one that has caused many a hard fall, I have been never injured or incapacitated so severely but what I could assert my manhood to get up and try again. It's a great path to follow, Judge, and allows you the blessing of peaceful sleep and care free from insomnia, with no fear that anything will torment your thought and make you tremble and toss, wherein you feel something saying 'go and give back that which you have taken wrongfully away.' Great thing to sleep well Judge."

"Fine, fine," said the Judge, "nothing equal to it."

"Well, your Honor, I have certainly enjoyed the visit with you, and will not further trespass upon your time, so I will bid you good day, and hope we will both sleep well," he said, as he looked at the Judge with twinkling eye.

"A fine man," mused the Judge, as his well-trained eye watched him walk away.

CHAPTER VI.

A Meeting of Profit.

The Judge arose early the next morning, and after a refreshing bath that put a premium on his vitality, he concluded to take an early morning stroll, when all nature was quiet, and restful. As he walked along briskly to absorb the very best nature had in store, he expanded his chest to its fullest capacity and inhaled sweeping draughts of the great elixir of life. As his eye wandered towards the eastern sky, he beheld the tip edge of the rising sun, and stopped in awe at this phenomenal daily occurrence. "Wonderful, most wonderful," he exclaimed as he watched it rise to its fullest beauty and grandeur. "How beautiful and quiet God starts out the day, giving us the same comparison as he starts out our lives in the same way, pure, sweet and wholesome. I love the mornings," he exclaimed again, almost audibly. "They seem so close to my Creator, so exhilarating in fascination, bounding in all that is beautiful, clear and invigorating air and so calm in gentleness, love and kindness. God surely did his part in the great plan of perfection, but how

negligent has been man in doing his. No greater lesson ever expounded in the pinnacle of thought than he puts before us every morning, in starting a sinful world with a daily lesson of rugged purity. As the day advances like the man from childhood, sin and deceit creep in. We wander away, look for pleasure, stray into paths of wickedness, sell our souls, and contaminate righteousness, but if we would only stop and look, nature gives her great lesson again the next morning, and has continued to do so since the dawn of creation, every 25 hours. I believe if men would take advantage of this privilege of observing the sun rise from its first warning beams until it envelops the heavens with its myriad colors, and then wait until the angels awakened the birds with their sweet songs of enchanting music, we could not have the brazen audacity to violate the law of our beneficent Creator as we do."

"Well, yer Honor, are ye not up a little airly?"

"Why, good morning, Pat? I had no idea you were anywhere around, and I presumed at this early hour I would have this portion of creation all to myself."

"Not so, me good mon," responded Pat. "I was filled with this same presuming, whin I beholds the swate form of yerself."

"Well, there's plenty for both of us, and

to spare, as the song goes and I only wish more would witness the hour when the Master of Creation unlocks the door between darkness and dawn."

"Bedad ther's thray of us inyway, and the ither one is a mile below us and closer to the kay than aither of us."

"You surprise me, Pat, who could it be?"

"Oh, tis that new fellow that dropped in shortly that I take to be ingaged in the law loike yerself but at the ither ind of the she-lala."

"Oh, you must mean my new friend, Mr. Raymond. How came you to know so much and so quickly?"

"Oh, thim that have eyes and airs do be knowing sometimes. I had the plisure of hearing his first case the day past whin he disclaimed two spalpeens coorsing and swahering and tareing the language to paces, and I was plased to hear him sphare no sarcasm in rebuking their ungintilmanly manners. Bedad, one of them was me countrimun and fared an uphavel and I fale to understand what kipt the blude in him so cool. For ivery minute I was looking for something from me counthry mun, but bedad, I am glad he used such good sinse that hilped him and mesilf for all the time I sthood bahind the tra wid me Oirish fist doobled ridy to hilp out the young mon in case of urgint nacissity."

"Well, Pat," said the Judge, "I am glad it all terminated so nicely. I'll tell you what just occurred to me. Why not you slip over to Millie's home and tell her to expect some company this evening, and I will get word to Mr Raymond and we will have a social, and I hope an enjoyable evening."

"Just the thing, yer Honor, I'll arrange me ind of the ixpictid plisure and let nothing come forninst ye to pravint your ind from shliping."

"All right, Pat," said the Judge, "everyone at Millie's at 8 o'clock sharp."

"Yis," said Pat, "sharper than me ould razor."

Promptly at the hour the three men, Torg, Pat and the Judge stepped upon the broad and welcome porch of Millie's home.

"Come right in," said Millie, and without a second invitation, in they strode. The Judge made the necessary introduction to Mr. Raymond and by adding a few pleasant and humorous remarks made each and all of them feel like old friends. His Honor never lacked in having and using the happy faculty of getting people to feel free and friendly on short notice and could always put to rout a chilly atmosphere that so many allow to freeze and mature into thick ice.

"Well, Millie," said the Judge, "we need just one more individual to make our group

complete," and a light smile played around his kindly eyes. The color rose and flooded her cheeks, but she soon gained her usual composure and said jokingly, "I have wondered for a long time Judge Wilhelm, what calls or attracts you so often to the home of a certain widow."

The quick repartee at the Judge's expense brought forth much laughter and a hearty peal from the man from Erin. Nothing, however, ever disturbed the Judge, and as he knew the sally was unfounded, he gave Millie credit for her flash of wit and spoke again in another vein.

"Gentlemen and our esteemed hostess, you are probably wondering at this peculiar and informal meeting and why we are here. The reason is this, I have in my nature a deep longing to occasionally lay aside the Judicial ermine and the heavy responsibilities that go with it and be a boy again and flirt with youth, or try to. I not only hope but I expect our association here this evening will be a profitable one and cement our friendship more strongly than the most skilled workman has ever dared to do. I expect much profit to all and stronger friendships that will last as long as we live."

"Why, Judge," said Millie that is impossible."

"'Tis that," said Pat."

"What do you think Mr. Raymond," asked the Judge?

"Well, your honor, I am at a loss to say precisely, but I think the idea you want to convey clearly and impressively is, or may be this: You are a great genius in judging characters and I daresay your decisions to some extent are based upon years of study and careful thought and close scrutiny from the position you occupy and you have developed so acutely that trait, that whoever you put implicit confidence in and trust, you would go clear to the edge and reach over the yawning precipice to save, you are so confident when you make a selection that you would almost suffer death in proving to yourself that imposed confidence was not misplaced. Your face alone shows that you abhor deceit and falsehood and while you painfully regret to punish a traitor, and the wound heals slowly and inflicts excruciating pain upon yourself, you have that deeply implicit faith in those whom you think are worthy, that no man in this village or in any other place would go farther to reach down the helping hand than your most worthy self. Your character is of the type that stands out clear and beautiful like the shining star of old, that led the wise men to the manger of the sleeping babe of Bethlehem, I beg your pardon your Honor, but I base my remarks from your life-long

friends back in Blairsdale, and where is there a greater asset to be gained in this life than friends?"

When Torg sat down he noticed a painful silence. Millie was using her handkerchief freely, tears of gratitude stood in the Judge's eyes, and Pat had a look that seemed far enough away to penetrate the bogs of Ireland. The judge must reply to such a touching tribute.

"You have well said about friends, Mr. Raymond, and I must try and say something in return to partly pay for the sterling but probably undeserved eulogy you attributed to me. I have had many true and loyal friends, both in the East, this place here, and among many places where I hold sessions of Court, but I have none that ever surpassed the friendship of Miss Millie's parents and the loyalty of my friend Pat, as it has been my improper mode of addressing him. I have been an extensive traveler in my time and I have met all kinds and classes of people, rich, poor, men of State, day laborers, and every type of citizenry, but I want to pay this tribute to the race Pat represents, a race quick to resent, unsurpassed in intellect, when so desired, gifted in wit, staunch and true in friendship, polished in etiquette, and when you speak of tender sympathy, deeply rooted, pulsing with threaded sincerity you'll find

it enwrapped in the heart of an honorable Irishman."

"Bedad, Millie," said Pat, "that's the second aconium and compliment I have racaived in me loife toime, once whin I was a homely baby, me mither called me handsome, and this one from the Judge. Your honor I am not intitled to the praise ye gave me, and ye touch me sowl dapely, and if ivir one man loved anithir 'tis yersilf that I have that faleing for. I do be wishing that I had such a houl't on the worruds as yerself and Mr. Raymond, I would indivor to make ye shid tears loike girruls with an apology for prisint ladies. But I fale I haven't the eddecation to pour out me thoughts in the choice figures of spache that some of me counthry mun possiss. Me good and tindir ould Mither that's in kivin, if any woman is, could nayther rade or write, and me honorable father slapeing these past twilve years was a Section Foremun in wistirn Nebraskay in its Indian days, and whativir I've bin able to learun has come from the unchisild rock of adversity and me observation and aptitude to stale from ithers whinivir I could, but thanks to me parints, whativir me head has lost me heart has gained, and I don't belave I have an inimy I know of, and that I wouldn't forgive the sivinty toimes, if I knew who it was, I've indivored to rade me

boible and though me moind is uncultured, I can tale me troubles to him that knows and understands and somehow even he with me uncouthness understands me as I am, and gives to me the pace he does to all, that sake him."

When Pat sat down, Millie felt she must say something to partially reimburse for what she had received, and she said, "I do not think I was ever touched with sadness as deeply as I have been this evening listening to the splendid remarks that have been made, and nothing I can say will in anyway be a compensation for what I have received. I know upright lives; which I know all about like Judge Wilhelm's and Mr. Brannigan's have had a peculiar elevating and uplifting, beneficial effect upon mine. Association with honorable people inculcates the choicest to the choicest, and while one may not have that quality as deeply developed as others the stronger reaches down to the weaker, and brings the lesser up to the more uniform standard by imparting from the one what the other is deficient in. This to some extent is true in my case, and I say it with much pleasure that the honorable lives of these two men that are MEN have been instrumental in helping me to reach for that which is pure and honorable, I hope in time I can also say

this of Mr. Raymond, and somehow I know I can."

Millie ceased and the Judge said, "Pat could you conclude the meeting with some suitable poem, one of your own?"

"Yes do, Pat," said Millie, and she slipped out to bring in some light refreshments while Pat reconnoitered.

"Bedad I have only one poem in moind, and it may not fit the occassion snugly, howivir 'twill aise me sowl, so here ye have it."

"Rush him away to his burial place
Lower him under the sod,
Crank up the Auto with hurried pace
Leave him alone with his God.

"This is the day of rush and go
Haven't no time you say,
To tarry awhile with him in woe
Wait 'till some other day.

"Can't lose the time to stop and chat
All I can spare is Hello,
It's hurry, hurry, for this or that
With language of Yes or No."

"Pretty true, Pat," said the Judge."

"Very much so," added Torg.

"What induced you to formulate of that sort," said Millie, as she invited all to sit by and partake of her preparations.

"Saw a poor divil going to his grave in an Automayble Hearse," responded the son of Erin.

After the light viands had been dispensed with, and each had warmly thanked the hostess, and wished her good evening the trio departed.

CHAPTER VII.

Ernest and Ma.

When Ernest had unpacked his few belongings and arranged them to suit his taste he came across a motto in the bottom of his grip. "Wonder what this is I have brought with me, Oh now I remember, it's the one that thoughtful Irishman gave me and while it is pretty plain language, I am going to hang it on the wall to sort of remember Pat." And fitting his words to action he found an inviting location and placed it on the wall. Going to the farther side of the room to note the effect he read, "Thou shalt not commit adultery, Exodus 20:14, Christ added an appendage to that Commandment when he said, 'But I say unto you, that whosoever looketh on a woman to lust hath committed adultery with her already in his heart.' Pretty plain statements, but what people need in these days, when lust and licentiousness is so rampant and women are held so cheaply. It is the truth, however, and it should never hurt anyone, the Commandments are certainly wise and rigid laws. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor is another splendid Commandment and it

should be hung in about all the women organizations, Ladies' Aid societies and such to sort of protect any wandering from the subject at hand. Well, anyway, come what will, Pat's motto hangs in this room as long as I do," and he went in search of fuel for the physical man.

"Get all settled, did you?" asked Ma.

"Yes very nicely, thank you," responded the boy.

"Do not forget," said Ma, "to make yourself at home and in any way I can be of assistance to you, do not be backward in taking advantage of what my sobriquet implies."

"Well, thank you," smiled the boy, "I appreciate the comfort that must be imbedded in such a warm invitation from the kindness in your face without any appellation to the splendid homey feeling that your name suggests."

After a good breakfast, heartily relished, he started out to take up the work that had called him. Passing along the street he inhaled that stench that the United States Government protects and allows to thrive in the land of the free, and he somehow dreaded to go on, but the evil was along his path and much as he despised it he must suffer its existence. Inhaling a full breath to get as little of it as possible he quickened his pace to get by and then exhale on the other side.

His thought was so occupied he hardly

noticed a nice, comely, well-dressed girl coming in the opposite direction, and as he stepped to one side and allowed her to pass, a staggering red-faced man reeling under the influence this licensed Governmental protected institution sold, espied the woman and muttered drunkenly a vulgar, foul and indecent remark that Ernest could not fail to hear. With his manhood on fire he swung a terrific, well-aimed blow that sent the degraded wretch full length upon the solid, unsympathetic cement pavement.

He stood waiting the man's ascent, and as the fellow struggled up partly sobered, Ernest said, "You foul, unmannerly, degraded brute, if you haven't any children of your own, or sisters, you had a mother. How would you like to hear some one impart the epithet about your mother that you remarked about this girl, would you allow it? Have some respect, and the same respect for somebody else's mother, sister or daughter, as if they were yours. I am sorry I struck you so hard, but the villification was nauseating and you deserved it, nevertheless, I am ready to shake hands with you and if I can be of any help to you in any way, I am at your service, now, or any other time."

To the surprise of the boy and the crowds, the man stepped up and shook his hand cordially and said, "my boy, you were right, doubly so; I had a mother, one among mil-

lions, and I would strike any man that said ill of her, and shed the last drop of blood in my worthless veins to protect her honor, and you gave me fully what I deserved and I apologize to you and would like to do the same to the lady I disgraced. It is not in my heart to say aught against any one, but when I get that damnable poison in me, I lose the manhood my mother taught me, and I get wild and crazy, I do not mean to and God knows I do not, but one drink of that hellish poison and I am powerless to stop, and I go on until I wallow in the mire worse than a hog. O, to God that I could abstain and get free from the curse, I would be a MAN and use all the faculties that God has given me to help suppress and eliminate the damnable curse to the dregs of hell where it belongs."

"My friend," said the boy, "I am most heartily sorry for you, but this God you just mentioned, did you ever ask him to help you, did you ever get down on your knees and tell him all about your trouble and ask him to release you from its hold and help and strengthen you to lead an upright, honorable life, and walk in the path of righteousness, he is ready and waiting to help you, just as he does me or anybody and everybody."

"No," said the sorrowful and fallen man, "I have not in over ten years, but if you can

help me to get back to him, I am ready right now, to try."

"All right," said the boy, "let us kneel right here and tell him the whole story, I will pray first and then you pray."

They both knelt in front of the saloon with its stench and filth and as the pleadings of the boy's petition ascended to the throne of grace to assist this wayward son, and restore his manhood, many a head was uncovered and bowed, that shortly before had cursed this same being, and when the boy had finished and the man commenced his supplication, there was an awe and respect that touched many a heart. The man prayed earnestly, pleadingly and then tearfully, and when he arose a new light shone in his eyes, his face beamed and sparkled, and they all knew that Christ had been there in front of that saloon, and that to comfort and bless. No sneers were given to either on account of their actions, as any MAN and every MAN that appreciates MANhood are not slow in showing it, and they shook the hand of Ernest warmly and wished their fellow reveler God speed.

As Ernest walked away he happened to look back, and he saw man after man walk up and shake hands with the man he had struck, and he thought perhaps he might have been too impulsive, but something within him seemed to tell him he had done right. Going to his work in the railroad office he took up

the day's work, and his mind became occupied with the duties before him. Getting a few moments respite he dashed down a few notes to later incorporate into his weekly letter to Millie, which he never missed attending to for the next three years. Finishing the routine of the day's work he turned his steps towards the home of the consoling Ma.

As the evening meal was being relished amidst witticisms and repartee, both of which "Ma" overflowed with, a young lady across the table remarked, "have I the honor of addressing the gentleman who defended me so gallantly and so manly this morning, if I have, I wish to thank you beyond words of expression."

"Oh, said Ernest, "you refer to the episode in front of the saloon, do you?"

"Yes sir, I do."

"Well, I declare, said Ernest, "you owe me no congratulations and I am pleased to meet you, and also pleased if I had the pleasure of rendering you a service which is due all women."

As they continued their conversation a knock was heard at the door, and "Ma," who always wore her hospitality on her bare forearm, said, "come in please," and in stepped the man who had caused the young lady's initiative remarks to Ernest.

"I beg your pardon, each and all of you, for my intrusion, but I heard the lady whom

I spoke so vulgarly about this morning is here, and I want to beg her pardon, and apologize for my unbecoming conduct."

"Granted," spoke the lady, "and I am ready to shake your hand, for I can tell by your attitude there are the ear marks of a gentleman about you, when you are your real self."

"Thank you, Madam, and you too, sir, for restoring my dormant respectability of my MANhood," and he was gone.

"Well, I declare," exclaimed "Ma," "I was at a loss to place him at first, he looks so neat and is dressed so tastily, but it is no other than Rockwell Barclay, one of the most intelligent men in these parts, and a most splendid man until the authorities licensed that dirty saloon, poor man, he has not drawn a sober breath for ten years, no wonder he sank to the threshold of hell, but I am so glad, Ernest, that you saved him before he reached to raise the latch, and brought him back to Jesus and decency. He used to lead the prayer meetings, was Sunday School Superintendent and occasionally filled the pulpit when the regular Pastor was absent. It did not seem possible he could fall, but he did, some say his wife was the cause and it killed her, poor soul she is dead for the past five years, and though she is gone, I cannot help but think she was largely to blame, he could not go anywhere, even to the house of God, without her suspicioning his motives, and doubt-

ing and ridiculing his sincerity, until his very soul cried in frantic semi-crazed torment and he fell, he of course, should not have allowed this, but let any woman keep up a continual tirade and tantalizing for a span of twenty years and the patience of a saint, with Job's thrown in as good measure couldn't forbear it. Most men are destined to hell, but oftimes it is the women that drive them there."

"Well, I declare, 'Ma,' said Ernest, "you are in the wrong vocation, you should have been a lecturer on higher standards for married women, I believe you could do a vast amount of good, and while the subject at hand is foreign to me on account of my youth and single blessedness I can appreciate your position in the matter and I am inclined to think your oration covers sound logic and a vast amount of truth."

"Sometime Ernest, said 'Ma,' "I will tell you of another type of woman. I love women, because I am one I suppose, but notwithstanding that fact there are some pretty narrow, small, disgusting women, and I don't refer either to women who have trespassed upon the holiness of virtue that has debased them; but the type I refer to is the kind that can smile when everything is serene and beautiful and the DOLLARS are rolling in abundantly, but when the opposite comes along and the man rasps his faculties against adversity until they become numbed and dull

by the insurmountable problems, and then let some narrow, insignificant whelp of a woman keep ejecting her slime and filth about his resources, complaining of immodern conveniences, lack of ambition and all such vituperations, and let her keep continually harping it for ten years, when the MAN is the honest, honorable and decent Christain kind, and what is the natural result to expect. Would it not tear the heart loose in a stone man to flaunt continually such unwomanly poison and everlasting condemnations? I honestly believe the Lord will have some retribution for the man in hell who would have succeeded, had his wife been sensible enough to have had some forbearance and of Christian fortitude when her husband carried a load heavy enough to stagger an ox. I have not much sympathy Ernest, for this kind of woman. I think they need some kind of radical treatment to replenish what they are lacking in. I pray to God that you will be spared that kind of a help mate, that would be a misnomer, for a life partner. My goodness I have talked so long that it will take an extra bar of soap to get the grease from the cold dishes," and "Ma" hurried to her third and last pleasure of the day?

CHAPTER VIII.

The Disturber.

Summer had passed and Autumn was approaching, Nature had almost finished with her dress of green and commenced to don her yellow one. All her children were preparing for the coming of winter. The trees had cast aside their luxuriant foliage, the flowers ceased to bloom, the birds of song no longer warbled their melodies of cheer, and repose and quietude were taking the place of the ambitious summertime.

One day when nothing unusual was happening and the people were remarking about the lack of Metropolitan life, a fine, gorgeous automobile of the most exquisite type and design came leisurely purring into Rainbow. Heads peered from the windows and exclamations of surprise could be heard from everywhere. Surely the possessor of such a magnificent car must be one of fabulous wealth and culture. Sitting languidly at the wheel was a well dressed man, prosperous looking, commanding in appearance and graceful in movement.

Nothing could have stirred the populace more than this and the stranger's mission and

exceptionally the mission part of the man's advent.

As the sight became one of daily occurrence and the stranger lingered from month to month and seemed to have no vital interest for anyone or anything connected with the community's welfare, comment became less and finally dwindled into oblivion. The stranger paid very little attention to anyone and sought no companionship; but seemed wholly satisfied with the comfort afforded by his elegant auto. He took long rides in and around the surrounding country and came in slowly each evening void of the desire to fracture any of the speed laws governed by the Municipal Ordinances, conjecture was abandoned as to who he was or what his advent concealed. Month after month went by without the revealing of the stranger's name except to the all wise three. Mystery seemed to shroud everything connected with his present and past, and to learn anything about him was seemingly impossible, as he appeared reticent, distant, but very courteous whenever addressed, paid all his obligations promptly and never lacked for money, and dealt it out sparingly for everything but clothes. Every day found him attired in the latest fashion, well tailored garments, some said he must have over a hundred different suits of the highest art of the

fashion shops, and a small amount of envy burned in the hearts of the less fortunate.

One day the Judge was going after his mail, when he met Pat coming from the opposite direction.

"Top of the morning, yer Honor, and the rist of the day to meself."

"Good morning, Pat," said the Judge, heedless of the remark that Pat had made in taking the lion's share of the day's pleasure, "how are you this morning?"

"Nivir fild bether or had liss," said Pat.

Just then the stranger went by in his expensive turnout, and Pat remarked.

"Judge, could ye inform me who the schroundel is in the big divil of runiation, and what he might be doing in these parts with a \$5,000 kar, whin the best we have is Hinry's." "I think Pat, I might be able to enlighten you some. Step closer and listen intently, as I will talk low to you as I do not wish to be overheard, and will trust you and ask that you guard well my confidence until I see fit to release you from the obligation."

"Indade, I will, me frind."

"Very good," continued the Judge, "I know who he is, and I knew him the first time I had the opportunity to see him. He no longer recognizes me, as it is over twenty years since I last saw him and have passed out of his recollection, and he does not know that I live here and I doubt very much if he

remembers my name. His name is an assumed one and pretends to be known as Harold Richwald, he is here for no good, morally, spiritually or financially, observe him closely and critically without allowing him to surmise your intentions, and let me know what you would incorporate in his horoscope. If I could get the proof to what I know concerning him he would not be enjoying the ease and comfort that he does, and that which rightfully belongs to some one else. I pray the day will come when the matter can be rightfully adjusted and may the good Lord let me live to see that pleasure, not that I glory in his punishment, but for the sake of justice that he has betrayed and abused and the funds he has misappropriated and belong elsewhere."

"Bedad, yer Honor, yer judgment of him coinshides most illigintly with moine."

"Pat, I wish you to do this," said the Judge. "You notice he goes out that East road past Millie's every morning, and what I wish is this, say two or three times a week you walk out that way and appear as you were just strolling along for the sake of your health, and take plenty of time so as not to arouse any suspicion, and keep it up for a long time until Richwald becomes accustomed with seeing you, and whenever you learn anything of importance make it your duty to inform me. Do this for me Pat, and

some day the badly tangled affair can be unravelled, and some one very high in your esteem may be benefited and regain what should be his. I charge you Pat with this request, can and will you do it?"

"Rade yer answer in me oies, and slape in pace, oill de me part and git the ividence, and ye can boost the pinilty."

"Good for you Pat," and the Judge departed.

Pat was at a loss to understand why the Judge had such a bitter dislike for Richwald, unless it was about something in the distant past which the Judge was familiar with and undoubtedly to the detriment of this mysterious Richwald, anyway Pat meditated "I will bank on the Judge and endeavor to unravel some puzzling circumstance that his Honor wishes to clarify and adjust."

True to his promise Pat sauntered along the road that ran to Millie's for months and months, until they numbered 1-2-3 and 4 and still nothing of a tangible form developed to give him the slightest clue concening Richwald. Time after time the big automobile and its occupant whizzed slowly by and not even noticed the determined Irishman, but rather considered him as a part of the scenery and a permanent fixture like the trees that lined the Boulevard. Pat whetted his tenacity and became so determined to win that he concluded to take this walk for his health the

remaining portion of his life time or until Richwald left. On one occasion he met Torg who said, "I see you have been spending much of your time as a pedestrian along this highway, and I presume you are searching for a lost mine by the way your eyes hug the gound. "Stip behoind that tra till that gasolane stink goes by, and don't show yer hid undher the pinilty of dith." Torg did as requested and the auto passed and was soon lost in the distance.

"Pat, my good friend, do you know the fixture at the seeting wheel?"

"No, Torg, I have not that displisure and may I ba shooting the same load at ye, do ye know him?"

"Well not intimately Pat, but I hope to know him better and I think I will if Justice will make these parts her dwelling place."

"Shure, that's a quare remark, 'tis yerself and the Judge—" he got no farther; the scrutinizing look on Torg's face fascinated and bewildered even Pat, but he finally said, "Don't thry the case yit, Mr. Raymond, and lave me to firrit out whativir I can fasten me houl't upon, and ye kape at a sacludid distance whinivir ye are in these parts at this toime of the day."

"I understand you Pat, most thoroughly, but continue to be discreet, very cautious and extremely painstaking and forbear the same indifference as the fellow in the car, and I

believe the reward will come. Good luck to you, and mountains of patience."

"Quare, Quare," mumbled the Irishman, 'tis meself that would like to know what great mystarious misthery Torg and the Judge same to know concerning this quare bala-jarent auto mon. I fale betwane the intalict of Wilhelm's and Raymond's there is a mutual knowlidge of some shady worruk done by this Richwald that both of thim know about, but are short on the ividince that would convict the schroundel, which I ba thinking he must shurely ba contaminated with."

Next morning found Pat at the same job, and as he kept searching for the delusive gold as Torg had mentioned. "Oill be crowding the days closer togithir," he muttered, "and thry me loock at me laytle game of sanwitching thim differently from inyone but meself could understand, and it moight mix the divil so that whin he didn't axpict me I'd be there." And still there was no result from the change of tactics that Pat had so studiously adopted. "Tacks, bedad, and shmall nails," ruminated Pat on his homeward journey.

The next day Pat heard a loud explosion, and the big car halted close to where the son of Erin stood, and with the social requisite specialized by his race said, "She's a howly tirror for nise whin she's bilious, bedad she is."

A light smile twinkled for an instant on the stranger's face and then as quickly died out.

"My good man, could you tell me the name of the lady that lives farther down the road."

"Shut off that divil of ruination, and I may be able to," said Pat.

"That's betther," said Pat, as he studied the face of the other. "She's a divil to bilch whin she fales the alcyhol laving her stomach."

"I beg your pardon, sir, but I asked the name of the lady living yonder."

"Oh, yes sir, ye did sir, I ricolict now ye did, and shure enough ye do me a great service by ashking a favor of such intilligince." The stranger looked at Pat, and Pat returned the gaze from his clear eyes of Irish blue. He looked searchingly and was finally satisfied that he had fathomed into the other's character to his own gratification and in the way he had wished to test him, and said, "the lady's name is Millie Sommers and the swatest crayture outsoide of downthrodden Oireland, bad luck to the mon that oversteps the laytetude of a gintilmon in his tratemint of her, I'll bate his hid 'till it looks loike that woindliss tire or me name's not Brannigan," and then he added the story about the millstone.

"Oh, I see," said the other as he patched the tire and pumped in the air, "your sweet-

heart." "No," said Pat, "not me swateheart, but the swateheart of a sweatheart that is a jinuine swateheart." This did not meet the approval of the other, and the sunshine that had commenced to melt some of the frost in his nature chilled again, and nothing more was said by either. Pat, however watched the other closely and the more he obseved the farther away stalked his opinion towards the Judge's when he uttered the one word, rascal.

In a few minutes Richwald stepped into his car, touched the self-starter and away went the machine. As the dust cleared away Pat turned his steps towards Rainbow and he locked his opinion in a remote part of his brain, until a suitable time when he could disclose to the Judge his progress as a sleuth, and the type of a man he had judged this Richwald to be, however, he took the same walk and kept up a continued search for the hidden and delusive wealth Torg had casually referred to, and had so impressed itself upon his mind that it might perhaps be gold that contained a value, and through a prodigious search he may become the discoverer and satisfy himself, the Judge, and Torg, and gain a reward that would aid the Judge to unravel the mystery, so he continued the search.

CHAPTER IX.

The Elm's Approval.

As Torg arose early in the morning from a sweet repose, he almost audibly uttered, "I believe I will go out to the old elm and relieve myself of that promise of extemporaneous exhortation that I promised the old fellow a long time ago, and never have felt like delivering until this morning."

A brisk walk of an hour's duration took him to where the elm stood. He bared his head under its benign influence of sweetness and purity for a long time.

The hour was early and the sun had just risen above the eastern horizon. He chose the morning in preference to any portion of the day for he felt as the Judge, that early morning was nearer the Adamic plan on account of the stillness and beauty that clusters around the beautiful mornings. Turning his head in the direction of the great orbit that was fast spreading its golden beauty throughout all the heavens, and inhaling to the fullest measure the pure and fresh air of this country-side place, he made an exquisite bow to the imagined assemblage and pro-

ceeded to rob Demosthenes of the honor he had received when he made his famous oration for the Crown, the undying luster of the Gettysburg address of the beloved Abraham Lincoln and the unparalleled and unexcelled rebuke of Daniel Webster's reply to the haughty Hayne. "I will take for my subject one in accordance with this beautiful sunrise, that teaches the great lesson of perfection within itself and will term it the perfect man. Nothing created by the Master Workman lacks in perfection or contains more exemplary qualities than his works that he puts before us each day of our lives, as illustrations of the highest perfection for us to consider and follow as true and lofty standards. Everything created by him being of this lofty and flawless type, the sun, moon, stars, vegetation and all other things he also carried the plan farther and initiated in the divine plan and brought forth the perfect man and called him Jesus, the Ideal Man of all time. Jesus was the Perfect Man from His birth in the manger to the cross on Calvary. The narrow path He trod upon which the search light of truth has shone for over 1900 years, is still the only route that reaches heaven. Christ the Perfect Man came into this world and lived among us that we might have the essence of his purity to guide and direct us, that we might glean that a righteous life could be lived among all the

scoff, ridicule, censure, rebuke and temptation that could be designed in a sin-cursed world. The shedding of his holy blood was necessary for all men's redemption, and if man fails to take advantage of this privilege and live as perfectly, he is the loser and no responsibility rests upon Jesus for his neglect, as Jesus fulfilled his part and did all he could through a life of self-denial and sacrifice that erring man could profit by.

"Not only was Jesus a Perfect Man but he carried this standard and advocated it in all things to an extent that never has been equalled or surpassed, his trite and concise sayings are unanswerable and stand upon the pinnacle of knowledge never reached by any other. All the finest educational institutions that have ever existed or will ever exist can never equal a man with the profound knowledge of the lowly man of Galilee. What have we as an inducement through his life to make us better, what great fundamental principle did he give us that would promote the highest standard of spiritual life? It was in the great theme of love. Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.' If we follow this eleventh commandment, heaven would come down to earth and this universe would be par excellence. Greed, avarice and monopoly would cease to exist, and every man would have his equal rights and the tramp and the millionaire would meet on

equal ground. Capital and labor would shake hands and all would have their per capita and never be in want or distress. Breweries and saloons would cease to exist and the high cost of foodstuffs and clothes no longer be a nightmare. Style and class distinction would be eliminated almost beyond the necessity of even the fig leaf costume of Eve the mother of fashion. Purity of thought would overcome and eradicate all evil and there would be no sin. That would be heaven in the concrete and as God planned it.

"This condition could be if all men were the kind of Christians God intended they should be and not Christians for ungotten gains. Shame on the man that is so low and sneaking and vile of heart to cover up his six days under one day's religion. May the Lord touch his heart and soul before he goes to the place of unrest and torment under his false banner. Burn the eleventh commandment upon the skies of Heaven that this type of man can see it before it is too late.

"What could bring this world to the feet of Jesus and cleanse it, but the honest prayer, and if all men would assume the attitude of earnest prayer and pray ardently for this condition to come, it would. For He says: 'Ask and ye shall receive.' No room for doubt as to the fullest meaning of that context and passage to cause any parley. 'Shall'

it says, and not 'perhaps.' Then why pray 'Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven,' and then get up from our knees and go out in the world and forget it? Alas, forget it, and all of it, when the last word forever was uttered? While we men at times think we are of no account and our life has been futile and nothing but disappointment and not worth the effort, we can be men and workmen not ashamed. We can do much to help each other to higher standards by relieving some of the pains in life to those less fortunate than ourselves, and through assisting others we are the gainers and possessors of the greatest things in life and those approved of God. Every kindness or act of helpfulness than any man is instrumental in fulfilling does not escape the watchful eye of the Master, and his rewards for such come openly.

"Then there is another phase of the perfect man and what he can do and will do if he assumes the retrospective and that is let Jesus come into our business, no matter what it may be, he can improve it. And why be ashamed to have him in business with us when all things he embodies is that which uplifts and surrounds perfection and all the glorious attributes that cluster around it. Why should we not reach for this that puts a premium on everything beneficial and good? Take Him in as your parner and

what should you expect from the association that would stand out in clear bold letters, "The Lord has an interest in this business, and holds and safeguards the combination to the safe and the lives herein engaged.' Come let us reason together and permeate the topic further and see what we can find. Perfection purifies and permeates as the opposite components allow it. If this opposite combats and continually neglects any recognition, the disregard forces a complete annihilation and each factor goes to its own level, but if the lesser allows contamination from the greater until the two segregate, then the powerful magnetic force of the stronger improves the weaker with a firmer element of enhancing worth which causes a stronger attachment that uplifts the other, and as the aggressive is sought by the element contained in the profound the two forces of good and evil will seek their respective levels and one or the other must dominate. One representing righteousness from the perfect man and the other sin from the unrighteous man. The work of one to build up improves, moralizes and increases and the other to tear down, weaken and destroy. Put the two in their relative places and the magnet of good draws its just portion, if so desired and uproots every false standard advocated by the one less powerful and absorbs steadily on the minutest particle

of good by the forces of good and takes its proper place and becomes better until it fits into the accustomed and natural intention of its author and where it rightfully belongs. This is the natural condition to expect and to assume from any standpoint of principle fundamentally enjoined.

"The great trouble with most of us is, that we look too narrowly for the elements that cluster around an undebatable standard and seek to improve an already perfect condition from our own estimation of what we think it should be and what we consider as superior to the one already beyond any enhancement from mortal man. Whenever we drift along in our strength and tamper with an endeavor to improve something already beyond us we are inviting the coarsest kind of failure, and failure it will be in the most aggressive form.

"The sooner we remove this unsound kind of reasoning the more rapid will be our advancement, and the more we will enjoy the real fruition that comes from the Master-Mind whose logic and plan has stood the test of all time, and proved a universal panacea for every weakness of the human race.

"In conclusion, beloved elm, let us take the side that sears the heart-aches when the battle has been loyally fought, and the red blood of righteousness heroically shed in the gory path of its maintenance, drips from the

lacerations that come from the thoughtless scoff and ridicule of our ungrateful fellow-men.

"There are times in life, and more especially in the mature years when one looks back over the past and takes an inventory. Some find nothing to be ashamed of and the enjoyment is gratifying that they lived well, others met obstacles, and all along the narrow path they endeavored to follow, they can see where the jagged rocks pierced their flesh, here and there they stumbled and almost fell, but they kept on and on. Win awhile and then lose, here a taste of prosperity, there a swallow of disappointment, but never wavering from the essence of the teachings of the Perfect Man to carry them through, but all along wishing for a little respite to bind the wounds that sometimes become so painful in the seemingly endless conflict.

"Old age looms up like a mountain of ten billion rattle snakes curled in an impregnable hissing mass, with their venomous fangs ready to strike and poison. No way to get around them without losing all that has been gained, no chance to get over or under, you must face them and go through with the undying hope of the aid of the help of the Perfect Man to eradicate the poison and not allow it to course through your veins in your weakened condition and strip you of

the portion of righteousness you acquired at the maximum price. Come on, Christian warrior, come on. Ten years, perhaps twenty, and the journey is completed. Come on, come on, you lose miserably from a financial computation, you didn't have enough in the bank to draw a full breath or to help you along. You can't leave anything to your children but your untarnished name, and all you got out of that old sin and sordid world was a back bent from the heavy burdens, untold heart aches, sleepless nights of anxiety, and crushed expectations, no wonder you are stooped and weary, no wonder the scars show from the poverty and hardships you encountered, but you didn't fail, you walked in the narrow way, you were a pupil with undying faith in the Perfect Man. There is the end, just a few steps more, one more effort for your poor aching limbs and then your reward. 'Oh, God, give me strength, just a little more, Lord,' I hear him say, and he makes one more terrific struggle and falls at the feet of Jesus, a penniless, ragged failure. But, ah, look, as the angels gather around him and lovingly raise his aching body and bear him on to glory. See that smile on his face, something behind that smile that tells the story, something done that pleased the Master and causes that glow of extreme satisfaction. 'Yes,' Jesus said, 'You lived clean, you did all you could for

your children, you are not wealthy but you left a heritage beyond all comparison; you lived square and your record is grand; your account is paid in full, come in and let me show it to you. Come on Christian warrior, come on. Ah see, they are mourning for you down there; see the tears falling as they pass your casket, that means something; ah, see them brush aside the lock of hair to get a fuller view of your face, and see there are people in all walks of life there; were not those in that corner there crying as if hearts could not be cooled, your neighbors, that means something; look at the mountains of flowers around your casket, that tells of an unspotted love, and mean something. See that old lady with the wrinkled face there, she kissed your hand, that means something. See the tramps, the wanderers of fortune and note their sadness, they did not forget when they were hungry that you shared with them; and see as the great concourse of people are wending their way to the silent city following your remains, that means something and extraordinary, as most people leave after the short services at the home but not in your case, and your whole life was a lesson of love, and somehow the reward comes after we are gone. I had a bitter struggle down there in that sinful world but I left a good record, and I did my best not to plant a thorn in any man's bosom. I

spent my whole existence in endeavoring to love and help them and then they crucified me nailed me to the cross, spit in my face, scoffed me and thrust a spear in my side, and left me alone dying on the cross at Calvary and not a hand to wipe away the blood as it coursed down my tortured limbs, crying with the agony as it dripped upon the ground, 'Shame, shame, shame.' But old Christian warrior, there is no pain here. Come and let me show you the mansion I told you about, and the one I promised you. Come on and see what you have gained from walking in that path of righteousness, when every step you took was like stepping on the upturned edge of a knife of grief and disappointment. Come and live in eternal peace and joy.' Adieu, old elm," said Torg. 'Good-by with your many secrets."

CHAPTER X.

Garnished Craftiness.

Richwald fresh from a bath, neat and attractively attired in perfect dress, leisurely strolled to his elegant machine, opened the side door, sat down at the steeringwheel, and exercised his flabby muscles by touching different conveniences here and there, until the modern mechanism responded with lifelike reverberations and slipped into distance. He took the same course as he had been travelling for some time and headed towards the home of Millie. He had been watching in vain for an opportunity to get to speak to her, but up to the present, no such reward had favored him, his mind had been energetic to fathom some plan to meet her, but all the plausible schemes that had been brought forth from his fertile mind were one and then another cast aside, and an additional search in the recesses of his active brain were urgently necessary for the fulfillment of his desires.

He finally adopted the old ruse of asking for a drink of water, an unintelligent erstwhile one that every wayfarer had worn

theadbare for ages past but anything old or not, to win. Guiding his car under the shade of the spreading locust trees he alighted and strode towards the inviting home of the desired occupant with all the ease and grace of a well-trained society man. His entreaty was listened to and his was not a sordid mind and viewed her welcome presence he noted her many first glance attainments, perfection of physique, clearness of almost satiny countenance, eyes of sparkling brilliancy and everything connected in the master art of proficiency and beauty, that arouses admiration and respect.

As he hurriedly took this mental inventory his suaveness of manner, and the instinct of carrying out the gentlemanly attributes for expected reward, he said "I beg your pardon madam, but the call of nature for a cool and refreshing draught of sparkling water is keenly necessary to alleviate a burning thirst, and the beauty of these surroundings that speak so fluently of everything choice and pure must most certainly have clustered within their portals the cherished nectar urgently necessary to longevity and existence of downtrodden man. May I prevail upon you the great pleasure of receiving a cupful of this important factor that I may exist a few hours longer?"

"Certainly, sir," said Millie, "just take a chair while I get you a drink of God's great

beverage," and as she handed him the water she watched him searchingly as he drank it.

"Thank you for the kindness, nothing compares to a cool and refreshing drink of water when one is nearly famished."

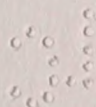
"No indeed there is not," she replied, "when taken as God intended, in its purity, there are no headaches, ill effects or sorrows."

"Well, you are a student of philosophy," he said. "No I am not," she reiterated, "an observer is all."

"I see you use the pen some too, I presume a writer bringing forth some great book for the uplifting of a fallen race." "No indeed not, such herculean efforts are left to students that engross their minds along such lines, I just finished my weekly letter to Mr. Landon," she said, and could she but noticed a quick, startled look play momentarily upon his face as she mentioned the name of Landon and had made some remark to have drawn him out, or a curtness to his placid affability all might have ended there, but she did not and as the disturbing element from long practise was soon cast aside, she went unconcerned on, "Mr. Landon is out west seeking his fortune and I must be the home newspaper and advise him of all our local happenings." "Well, indeed I must say you have a happy, and I presume an enjoyable mission to fulfill. I hope if you will pardon

along until a friendship sprang up and the contract enforced and the binding portion became slightly weakened. Association breeds familiarity, and the latter sometimes contempt, and it was not long before he carried both the mail and the female. The letters from the West kept arriving and his fertile brain was deeply embossed to get one of these and devour the contents as he crav-ingly desired, but as yet he could not disrespect property rights and gain his veneered intentions without a loss that was too early to anticipate. Long rides became a daily pleasure to both and as they sped along the ccountry roads with its many ecstacies of delight he brought from his inmost nature all the winning personalities he could master and kept the raw and deceitful part well hidden in the dark background.

The many rides and his seemingly acts of favor were so adroitly executed that Millie never suspicioned anything but pleasurable companionship and pastime. As he spun the web of craftiness that enmeshed his victim he became more attentive and spurred his polite nature to the very dome of comradeship. The day he spent in pleasure and the night in cunning thinking, he wanted to prove his affections conclusively, overthrow his western contemporary, win Millie as his life partner and slip away under the shadows of night to distant parts, and live in luxury, content-



ment and ease. He did his part exceedingly well and mused contentedly that life is sweet, and especially so when his subtle mind was carrying him serenely to the desired goal. He must proceed cautiously but surely and let nothing interfere to mar his happiness. Would he dare to ask Millie for her hand and to take the chance of his being defeated and then rehabilitate through his dramatic persuasive powers or let his cunning nature have its way and take another course where blunt refusal would almost be impossible. He chose the latter and Millie's rides to the Post Office ceased, but lengthened through the country. Why not open this letter from the west and ascertain its connection with the one slyly read the first day at Millie's home? "Yes," he said almost audibly, "nothing ventured, nothing won."

His heart burned with jealousy as he read the outpouring of manly love from the distant betrothed and trusted and waited for the day to come when kind and beneficent Providence would add its blessing. "Goodbye, my soul companion, and dearest love, write more and more."

Richwald could not stand the adoration of the concluding part, and he venomously threw the letter to threads and thoughtlessly threw it to the winds in his heat of anger and sped on to ease his wrath.

"No letter today?" Millie asked anxiously.

"None there," he said, "first time that has been missed yet. Probably come tomorrow. Yours ready to take back?"

"Yes," she said slowly and sadly, "don't fail tomorrow or out comes the millstone."

"No need," he responded, "two tomorrow. Fare thee well." And he was gone again.

"Hope I may never see such a crestfallen countenance again, but the game is on," and he pondered and schemed all the way but forgot to mail the letter of Millie's. "Wish I had not thrown away that other letter; I must pick up the torn parts tomorrow and leave no incriminating evidence like that, especially of such a *prima facie* variety."

But the morrow never returned them a light wind in the night carried them to safety he pleasantly meditated. 'Providence is doubly kind.'

Millie was almost distracted with grief as the weeks ran into months and no letter from Ernest reached her. Richwald soothed and comforted her with all the ardor in his double nature and always looked towards tomorrow to bring the letter and recompense for those in arrears. Several times she was on the point of calling upon the Judge or Pat and giving vent to her bitter grief and ask counsel and advice, but Richwald's watchful eye kept her busily occupied, riding and conversing until he was master and dictator, his suaveness and clandestine balm allayed her distress and be-

came the greater magnetic force controlling the lesser one. He yearned and longed for the hour's arrival when he might pursue the climax and depend upon his hidden resources and tact to carry him safely through. He gauged the conditions patiently until he thought the hour at hand and casually remarked, "It seems evident your western friend has lost his early affection and you are no longer the object of his desire which proves the old adage, 'Out of sight, out of mind.' I never believed that maxim carried any truth of a reliable nature, but as we live and learn, Time teaches us all things and proves them beyond any doubt. I had certainly hoped and trusted this would not happen, but as the sage has said, 'Truth is a golden gem; let it go where it may whether it sinks into the quicksands of earth or be born by the aerial flight of an eagle, it is a rare jewel.' We must acknowledge the truth when it appears so vividly. He probably has a greater attraction where he sojourns, and has forgotten you. 'Man, the gay deceiver,' always eighty per cent strong. Begone such trash that relish deception."

This remark aroused the smouldering fire as he had anticipated and Millie said, "If I dared to think his love untrue. I would haunt him to the grave and torment his soul through all eternity."

"Looks like he did such an unworthy act, repugnant and disgraceful, does it not?"

"Well, yes it does. The coward. And especially when I have written him regularly as I promised and received no reply for ever so long."

He winced under the accusation and thought of the voluminous correspondence between the two he had read and destroyed when the shades of night covered his dark dealings and only He above watched and knew. He soon eradicated this twinge of conscience with stronger honeyed ellucidations and pressed his desire fearlessly and convincingly. Down he went on his knees with the agility of a domesticated feline and plead his cause ardently, pleadingly and persuasively. Long he dwelt upon his love for her. The disgust he harbored for decrepit veracity and the great desire to be her slave. Wealth would be hers, travel, ease and comfort, a palatial mansion abroad where fancy might choose and a retinue of servants to do her bidding. He longed for her love to flow to him and say 'yes,' as he fully expected. But careful rearing would not be defeated and welcome the unsatisfied passionate appeal.

"I cannot fully believe," she said, "Ernest would betray me for the fairest or sweetest maiden in all the land. I will wait six months

longer, and then, if he does not fulfill his part of the contract, I will be ready to answer your question and in the affirmative, perhaps."

He was an apt student of human nature and acquiesced. He knew he could increase and arouse a more volcanic eruption by patience and fire her more rebellious spirit, and she would become disheartened as also might Ernest. So he let Patience have her way until he could firmly convince her and win her as the prize. Nothing more was said until the probation period elapsed and on the minute it took flight he was pleading again with all the force and verbosity he was able to conceive. Hour after hour he poured out his undying love, his loyalty and wealth until he completely exhausted the encyclopedia surrounding the theme that burned within him. He would not abstain a refusal but plead and replead until he finally succeeded in wringing from her the erstwhile word of three letters. "At your pleasure, now and forever, world without end, and 'till death do us part; your slave," on and on he went on this old theme with the triumph of victory pacifying all other emotions. "When shall we bid adieu to this rat's nest of civilization and go out into the big world bubbling with activity and unite our troth, in the grandest church in little old New York?"

"Not until the sun has risen and set many days," she said, "and not until I am thoroughly and beyond the reason of the smallest doubt, and fully satisfied that is what we should do," she said. "None yet sir," she said, "none, not one," as he advanced towards her with outstretched arms. "Not until the little episode transpires in the small place you just spoke of."

"Very well," he replied, partially satisfied, "not 'till then."

"Not 'till then," she calmly but firmly said.

CHAPTER XI.

Beneath the Shadows.

When the news spread that Judge Wilhelm was seriously ill, all the people in Rainbow, irrespective of creeds, class or distinction, bowed their heads in common grief. The Judge was that type of man that lived so close to the Ten Commandments that the master workman had designed a heart within him as tender as a child's.

He was a God-fearing man in his life as well as his judicial duties, and wore his religion exposed so that any one could partake of it quickly, and without any fear that there was none to spare, for he had and he used it to the end.

He did so many Christian acts that a volume of untold pages would fail to chronicle them all, and at every available chance he sowed the seed, and it grew and reseeded and regrew until vast harvests of good were accomplished .

His position of being Judge did not befog his brain to the extent that he could not mingle with the common people. He had the tact hinged with good common

sense of making the tramp or one more prosperous feel perfectly free in his presence, and many a night when tired from some intricate technical law point, that was bothering him, and he was searching through the different reports for a parallel case, would lay it aside and listen to some heavy burden an aching heart was laboring with, and help to unravel some plan whereby the perplexing difficulty might be overcome, either through advice, sympathy and encouragement, or the drawing apart of his purse strings. The people looked to him as their counsellor and true friend and he occupied both with credit. His judicial decisions were not of the kind that underlie the hidden desire to win more votes, but rather to be true and fair and let the decision rest entirely in the hands of his constituents. He was not ashamed when opening Court to go down on his knees and ask divine wisdom and guidance. Some people did not approve of this attitude in this respect and position but they never allowed themselves to censure, as they loved the man, and were appreciative to show it when the Judge prayed. He once said to an Eastern lawyer who was surprised to hear him praying, that he thought the Lord Jesus Christ was just as necessary in the court room as in the pulpit, and if his Lord was not worthy to guide him through his

Court decisions, he was not worthy in anything else.

"I take my Lord at his word," he went on, "when he said, 'Lo, I am with you always; ask what ye will and I will give it unto you,' and so I do, you see, and I do not know the innumerable times when I felt exasperated and completely baffled, how to decide a troublesome case, and I would review the testimony and the points of law at issue and endeavor to fathom the puzzling intricacies at issue; and then when I opened Court with prayer before a crowded court room of people and asked my Master to direct me, I could feel something refreshing, and my mind would clarify and I no longer dreaded the task before me; why, my good friend, there is nothing to be ashamed of, nor any disgrace connected with an impulse imbedded in honest motives, and by being willing to call upon him when in need, and not allow embarrassing conditions to be supreme, the reward will be openly as the Lord promised."

As this dear friend of all classes tossed in delirious fever, everyone became engrossed with an intense and acute interest and called daily to inquire as to his condition, and when informed there was no noticeable change a look of intense pain could be seen as it overspread their countenances. Day after day sped by and still he lingered in a

semi-comatose condition. Gloom settled upon the inhabitants of Rainbow as if some terrible calamity had swept over it. People gathered in groups with sad faces, and hoped and prayed that the life of this good MAN would be spared, as it seemed his life could not be spared, where would aching hearts go for solace, where would the unfortunates get advice and comfort, and where would the needy worthy or unworthy get financial aid without him? No, he could not be spared, but how could they help him?

Pat had just come from his daily visit at his home, and as he walked slowly with bowed head and tearful eyes, people dreaded the worst but all asked, 'How is he?'

"No better," he said, with tremulous voice. And all seemed to sigh in deep sympathy and distress. Pat suddenly stopped where a large crowd had congregated and said, "Me frinds, I belave this and I know ye fale the same. Me heart is tareing looes insoide me and unlis I can aise it in some manner it will burst with grafe. Tin minutes from whir I be standing is half the pable of Rainbow waiting to hear if the Judge is better. If all of ye will go with me, I will take the tin minutes walk and say a word of prayer to the grate Physician and ask him to hale the Judge. Come on, me frinds." And they went. Ministers, bankers, polticians, tramps, labor-

ers, insurance agents, peddlers, real estate men and all classes of people from the one with the well filled stomach and natty attire to the one with empty stomach and the pangs of hunger clamoring for food over a sparsely clothed physique, all went to the call of love that made them equal when the human heart is in sorrow.

Kneeling in the crowded and busy thoroughfare in the most congested part of the city, the sympathetic Irishman poured out his heartache to God. "Me hivenly father, we bow before thee this day with sad and hivy hearts, fareing the loife of our bist frind. the Judge, will be taken from us, and oh, me God, we can't spare him. We nade him here. We can't lit him go, he's sick only the wake past, me dear Father, and we ask ye to spare his loife and lit him live for us. Don't break our heavy hearts but hale hm and save him. Hear the prayer of a poor ignorant child of thine and raysthore the blissid loife of the Judge, and we will give Thee praise forivir. Amen."

"Amen," said the motely crowd, loudly and lustily. And the heavy load was lifted, and the sweet dove of peace that comes quickly from the throne of Grace seemed to pacify that awful dread when the pall of death is near, that the Judge would live.

Some one was seen coming from the Judge's home and as he came along towards

the praying crowd, another asked, "How is he?"

"Slightly better," said the other.

"Thank God," they all exclaimed, and the tension and strain on the sad faces commenced to lessen and hopes rose higher. The next day another improvement was heralded and little by little the good man gradually regained, until convalescence set in and conquered. Pain left the faces of the multitude and life resumed an easier mood. Soon he was able to sit in a chair and the populace was allowed to visit him. "What joy!" they all said, as they rained in upon him at all hours of the day.

One little girl brought him some delicate viands, that a loving soul had sent, and asked someone to take them to the Judge, and tell him mama sent them and hoped he was better.

"I'll take them," said a son of toil, and he reached out his gnarly hand soiled with labor, and said, "Where do you live, my little lady, and what name shall I tell him?"

"Just say they are from mama, the poor woman who received a load of coal and some things to eat last winter at Christmas time, with a ten-dollar bill in the box wrapped around the turkey's leg. I think he'll know,"

"All right, my little lady," he said as he brushed his arm across his eyes, "I, too, think the Judge will know."

"For goodness sake, Pat, did you get all the different kind of flowers in America?" said the Judge, "How came you to think of flowers for an old sick man like me?"

"A laytile child shall lade thim," said the son of Erin, "I'd rather give these few flowers to a live Judge thin a did one, yis more than twenty tons whin did."

"I never thought of that, myself," said a minister standing near, "but it is true we rush and hurry along through life and never give a flower, 'till death comes along and reminds us of our negligence. I'll just jot that down in my note book. There is a splendid theme clustering around that one word, flowers, and I believe, I could preach an instructive sermon and perhaps a profitable one."

"Bedad," said Pat, "I belave ye could, but if ye do, ye will surprise me. Praychers nowadays or a great miny of thim, presint company excipted, prache laytle about the Bible and lit thir whole tixt be saturated with money. If I could hear a good old sermon prayched without so much of the prisint day silver in it, I belave I would go often to church, but the way it is I can get up a talk wid anyone by houlding up the almighty dollar and reading the motto 'in God we trust.' No trouble at all, sor, to git a creditable listener. Silver is all right, me frind,

but damonitize it awhile in the pupil and get the sates filled."

"Did Pat leave?" asked the Judge.

"No," some one said. "He is outside talking to a minister."

"I would be glad to have him come back for awhile longer," said the Judge.

"Here I am, me frind, bag and baggage."

Well, well," said the Judge, "going to call on some one, Pat."

"Not a bit; these flowers are all yours. Better here than hereafter."

"Some more of your stoicism," said the Judge and smiled. "These little tokens of affection, Pat, touch my heart deeply, and will be a life-long pleasure in my memory. I will never forget them. When I am a real old man, if the Lord is willing I should be, I will look back on them as among the very choicest pleasures of my career. Not that I am worthy of them, but that I can hold them in esteem from the great comfort it gives me that I may have been able to do a little good, if so, freely from the purest motives of love and help, that flow so freely from the greatest fountain of meritable love which all of us use so sparingly.

"Even that refreshing bouquet you have brought me, means more to me and is held in higher esteem than all the wealth you could have piled in this room. I can appreciate more than ever the deep love that

flows from people's hearts is the greatest gem in life. I wish I might have given more, for the joy is worth the sacrifice when honest motives of the heart is in the giving. The choice words on the monuments and the flattering and oft misleading obituaries, never outlive the love saturated in human hearts. Somehow it spreads and grows and keeps reseeding itself until it carries its insignia through all our life and long after we are gone. It is a burning shame we withhold so much of our love when so many need it and it would accomplish so much good and alleviate so much distress, so many hearts ache for it and never receive it. Man withholds it in his rush for wealth and ease and sometimes prestige, that it becomes rusted and corroded and dead for want of use. There is no asset in life, Pat, compared to it. It is the magnet that attracts all other qualities that reverberates character. What a sweet word character is and all the beautiful attributes that cluster around it and entwine in and through it: Truth, principle, honor, loyalty, reputation, honesty, confidence, manhood, and all the choicest aromas that contain nectars of purity.

"Oh, what a pauper a man is who dies without it. How can he receive the heavenly gifts or have any right to expect any when he tarnishes the greatest gift that the all-wise Master gave us?"

"Bedad, Judge," said Pat, "ye can deliver a flowery discourse whin ye have only a bouquet for a tixt. If I was thinking your good old sowl so rilished such a small plisure, Oi'll be afther bringing one daily, providing I dhrop none as I come along. I could be tilling ye of a thousand bouquets thrown at ye from all classes of pable, but me eddication baying neglected in me youth I have not at me command the chise language to expriss meself properly, and so Oi'll kape sthill and give it to ye pace meal as I happen to stale from some one the pritty words that has the honey driping from thim. Nivertheliss me hearing is good if me tongue does sthumble and I raymimbir your speach on love and have it in me head and me heart to use whiniver its nayded. 'Tis a rough school mesilf was raised in and a laytle frinship shprinkled along here and there as I have moved along has hilped to aise me spirits and kape me manhood alive within me, but I'll not dwell on the sthumbles and falls and bruises I have rayceived in the little narrow path, but raymimbir the tachings at me mother's knay, tilling me of the Saviour's love even to the ignorant. When the tempter says, 'Come on, Pat, to the roomy path, that's broad enough to kape ye from gitting the bruises.' I raymimbir what me fine old mither said about the gintilium in the broad path that has the pull but 'tis down-

ward and the ithir one lifts up: Notice do ye, one pulls and other lifts? Oi'll take the bruises and the climb rather than be slipping with nothing to grab to. Oi can look up and fioind the hand that lifts and lit the divil have the pull. I must be going, me frind. and God speed ye to health. Good day, sor."

CHAPTER XII.

The Frosted Church.

"Well, 'Ma,' " said Ernest, "I have been a regular attendant at Church during the period of time I have been stationed here, and I feel today like doing something out of the ordinary and see what will be the effect. I am going to dress in clean overalls and put on a false beard and lean heavily on a cane, to ease my apparent worldly rheumatism, and find out how gladly I will be welcomed in the aristocratic Church I have been attending."

"Why, Ernest, said "Ma," "what causes such a rashness of your staid self as that?"

"Well, 'Ma'," he replied, "I just want to find out how close the church is to the common man, the ordinary laboring man, and satisfy a desire of my own."

"Well, if you must, I presume you will let me know the results, or rather I may go and do my own observing," said "Ma."

Donning the garb as he had spoken of, he started to Church. He was not only clad in blue overalls but he had on something else that the critical eye of the well dressed congregation could not behold, the armor of righteousness. He mounted the steps slowly,

as the rheumatic pains were excruciating and required exceeding cautious care, he casually viewed the congregation, well dressed, well groomed, and prosperous looking if appearances counted for anything. An usher met and escorted him to a seat far in the rear, as he hobbled along he noticed the looks of as-kance, the gathering up of well cut skirts, and countenances void of brotherly love. His seat mate moved away farther on the seat to avoid contamination that might be in his clean suit of denim blue and he chuckled within. He was somewhat late and part of the service had been performed and the psalter lesson was being read, but as he had no book and none was offered him, he could not participate.

He reached for a Bible lying on the seat and lettin^g it fall open where it may he read from the book of James, second chapter and the third verse "and ye have respect to him that weareth the gay clothing and say unto him sit thou here in a good place and say to the poor, stand thou there, or sit under my footstool."

He wondered if Christ would make this distinction and because one happened to be poor and not able to wear good clothes if Jesus would allow any favoritism.

No, he knew Christ never did, and any Church that does does not show respect, but disrespect. He failed to find any part of the

ten Commandments that showed any prestige, so it must be a violation of them, he could not believe that clothes should give superior rights in God's Church or anything in the Bible to substantiate clothes first and then religion. But anyway he would be attentive to the discourse, God knew about the armor he wore and if this high caste crowd were unable to look beyond the overalls he knew Jesus could, as he always looked upon the heart. Some time he would visit the prayer meeting in this same garb, there would be more room there; for he was unable to recall ever seeing a prayer meeting crowded.

The pastor's discourse was masterly, polished in perfect rhetoric, clean cut, concise language and carefully prepared phraseology. No denunciation of sin to ruffle the slightest discord to the large church membership, nothing to arouse or disturb any ill effect from anyone. You could not disintergrate from the sermon that such a thing as sin ever existed. Many witty stories caused the smiles to play and scamper across dull countenances, and one turned to another as if to say he is certainly a great preacher, and the official board should raise his salary. The name of Christ was rarely mentioned, nothing said to fill a hungry heart, and Satan and his works received no retribution at all, the wily outcast that works six days in every week, every Sunday and grabs the extra day in

leap years, could have climbed over the pulpit railing and set in the pastor's chair and need have no cause for any offense at anything that had been said by the man of God. When the climax of thought was reached and the words rolled and tossed in ease and rythm, the congregation leaned back in exultant satisfaction in the rendition of such perfect logic. Rising on his toes to his fullest stature and extending his arms to their fullest length he closed dramatically with the burning, bleeding words of Calvary. "It is finished." Ernest thought amen.

After the benediction had been pronounced the elite grouped in many separate crowds and Ernest could hear them say, "It was a splendid sermon, wasn't he inspired?" and so on and so forth.

The rattlesnake handshake was endured by some, but no one extended any good fellowship to Ernest or gave an invitation to come again. Nothing was asked about him or was he even spoken to. He glanced at the picture of the lamb of God to make sure he was in a church. "Alas," he said, "I feared the large number of aristocratic churches were wandering away from love that Jesus taught, and it seems sad but true that clothes make a difference, and man looketh on the outside."

How the Lord loved the common people and how close he lived to them, how he strove to draw the rich and poor together by his

teachings, how he labored diligently and patiently as he travelled from place to place in his simple life to get a greater love among all. He eulogized the poor woman when she dropped a few pennies, her all, and made no mention of the affluent, reserved pew holder with his conspicuous diamond studded shirt front, he caused no embarrassment or discomfort to the unfortunate woman who strove for purity when she touched his garments.

The poor people claimed his thought and prayer, and in every instance he proved their benefactor. Ernest was sorry that God's church allowed Mammon such a strong influence. How could the church advance when the opposite of good became so impregnated and noticeable. How could the illogical minister pound out his last salary dollar and be conspicuous as the best dressed, best fed man in the community burrowing for the last farthing through pleading, begging, continued repeated solicitations from people who had given again and again, thinking by doing so an increased Christian spirit might be theirs, when the exorbitant requirement, left the merchant unpaid, why not the pompous ordained gentleman sacrifice some and not the parishioner all the time? Bear ye one anothers burdens surely meant ministers, or the Lord would have put a provision in excluding them. Owe no man anything includes all classes but in order to do so the

minister should bear some of the sacrificial portion and not grind it all from some one whose spirit of liberality is raw enough to bleed.

The Lord has never let a minister starve or allowed him to go without the necessary clothing, Christ would not persecute nor the sheriff cast him in prison if he preached the word of God in overalls.

I guess I better soften up on the preachers. I love them and they are a fine body of men, necessary to elevate thought and morality, but nevertheless there are some too eager to get their full quota and never think of the burden of the other fellow, but it is getting severe the way some of them hound continually for money. The Lord of course loves a cheerful giver but I do not think one should give so cheerfully more than he can, and have to face the scowl on the merchants' faces, where is the cheer then?

"Whew," he whistled, preachers salary, home and foreign missions, benevolences, freedman's aid, church extensions, honorary member W. C. T. U. Anti-Saloon league, orphans and widows homes, homes for girls, feeble minded—don't know about feeble minded; seems a fellow might be though. Gosh how can a fellow with six kids and a mother-in-law give to all these things, on a salary of \$50.00 a month and wear anything but overalls?

"I guess, 'Ma' is home by this time and dinner must be ready. I must hurry along."

"I beg your pardon," said an unkempt, uncouth, unshaven mortal. "could you spare me a dime to help get my stomach back in action, that is becoming numb from being idle for three days?"

Ernest thought about the passage that said, "Be not afraid to entertain strangers," etc. Personal appearance was 90 per cent. against granting the request of the small American dime, but something in the wayfarer's countenance signified a hidden manhood and Ernest said, "If I give you a dime would you have the audacity to spend it over the saloon bar?" "Sir," he said, with much spirit, "I am a gentleman, I dare say I can produce credentials from the pocket of this ragged coat that would give pleasure to either yourself, or any man in your town to possess. Clothes and appearance do not altogether make a man, but they seem to have a powerful incentive and many a well-dressed man that has not the brains of a Missouri mule leaves the fellow that has the brains but not the clothes far in the dusty background." "You are right there, but speaking of that Missouri mule is something like an emetic and brings up another trite saying accredited to the State of the mule's origin. "I understand," spoke the other, and reaching into his ragged garment he pulled out a sheepskin

parchment and handed it to Ernest and said read that. "Well, I declare," said Ernest, as he handed it back, "It seems a medical doctor should always have a position, but anyway your parchment does not keep you from being a patron of the place I mentioned a short time ago."

"My friend, put your mind at ease," spoke the wayfarer, "I am a total abstainer, from the cradle, and I hope to the grave. I am also a follower of the Man that was crucified at Calvary. I perhaps should stop here but I am going to enlighten you with some of my past history. First, I am deeply chagrined and also humiliated that I was forced to ask you for money to relieve the craving for food. I tried every minister in the town hoping to receive some food, but I got neither physical or spiritual, seems if they were short on the former they would be long on the latter, but anyway I did not get either. I am not entirely blaming the Men of God for this, as I know there is a worthless class that harrass and pester, but they should not include all that asks in the same category, for that is a mistake, but I do blame them for not showing some love to their fallen brother by the wayside, because I am their brother prosperous or busted, and they are not to judge but to help.

"Secondly, I admit I belong to a profession that is essential to humanity. I have

been in better circumstances and ranked high as a medical man; but when it came to illegitimate practice, preventing what God intended should not be prevented, I stepped down and bid my profession good bye, and so help me God, my friend, I would rather wander from one end of this land to the other, hungry and friendless and stagger into God's eternal rest with a pure and shameless record, than live in ease and luxury with an abundance of wealth and ride to Heaven in a Cadillac eight with blood on my hands from criminal malpractice."

"Le me extend the hand of brotherly love," said Ernest, "come with me."

"Thank you, sir, you are very kind."

"Over there," said Ernest, "is a wash basin, here is a bath room, there is a razor and over on that chair is some clean linen. Cleanse, now, and clothe thyself."

"Ernest, said 'Ma,' 'who is that neat looking gentleman that you brought to dinner, that was so mannerly and used such courteous language, and seemed so cultured?'"

"Oh," replied Ernest, "that is the celebrated, widely noted physician who is traveling from Boston to attend a consultation meeting with that world famed surgeon at Los Angeles on one of the most baffling cases in the annals of the medical age. He heard of the choice viands your worthy hand is competent to concoct and transform, and

I prevailed upon him to diagnose your masterly art and elucidate your hidden power to me."

"I do not believe a word you said," responded "Ma," "and at the end of the month your bill will show 'feeding one down and outer' seventy-five cents. I know he fully ate that much.

"All right, Mother of Sunrise," said Ernest, "charity begins at home."

CHAPTER XIII.

Chagrin and Kindness.

The Judge had debated for a long time, whether it was his duty or not to call upon Millie, and satisfy his own mind and observations, if there were anything to the rumors, or any foundation of what he had heard concerning Millie. He disliked to be conspicuous, or offensive, but his long experience, the pleasant acquaintance of her parents and the interest for her relegated all other delicate conditions and he finally considered it his duty, and he went as ostentatious as possible.

As he stepped upon the veranda he heard the voice of Richwald say, "Remember the six months' probation will elapse in three more weeks, and then to the sunny south-land with you as my bride."

"Very well," said Millie, "I agreed and I am like the American soldier, all creation cannot stop me, but I urgently insist on my full quota of time."

"Suits me," said Richwald, as he stepped out on the opposite side of the house from where the Judge stood.

"Why, good evening Judge Wilhelm, I am

pleased to see you in your good health again. Be seated please and let me take your hat."

"Thank you, Millie."

Coming back to the room Millie seated herself in an easy rocker and at an angle to get the full profile of the good man and watch all his actions, which she did colselly.

"Millie" said the Judge, "we have always pushed aside formalities that sometime provoke hesitancy and base all our welfare of each other on the long friendship we have had the pleasure to enjoy in coming out clean and in the open, when either of us wished advice to enlightenment."

"Yes," said Millie, "that is and has always been our creed, and I am glad your sickness did not contaminate or lesson your old time frankness. I feel the evening's entertainment is upon you as I feel like a babe when it comes to procuring enlightenment from you, and you may proceed as the counsel in the case and I will steal the ermine and be the Judge as sort of a change to you, and lessen or weaken the judicial responsibility."

"Well, Millie I cannot enter into the case with any great amount of relish, and really it is a painful one to me, but I hope I will never forsake what I deem is my duty and if in anyway you might construe my remarks into any disrespect it would pain and humiliate me to my life's end and always be a source of regret. I must divulge myself and

the sooner the better. I presume you undoubtedly know, Millie, since the advent of Mr. Richwald in our midst, he has spent the larger portion of his time in your company, I trust you find him a gentleman that espouses high and lofty ideals, and never stoops to obtain a purpose or desire."

He looked her squarely in the eye, and though his look from practice was penetrative and searching, she held her peace and he continued, "I believe, Millie, my nature is one widely known as a submissive one and held in control by the exercise of studious care and forethought, I wish never to offend or rashly or importunately criticise, but I say this in all candor and friendship, I dislike to see you chaperoned by Mr. Richwald, I base these remarks on my ability to read human nature, and while my acquaintance with the gentleman is very limited I withhold nothing from you in speaking frankly, that I dislike him. I hope I am not rude in my opinion, but when I say this I mean it most emphatically, that there is something concealed in his nature that is revolting; he is cunning, untrue and will stoop far beneath the level of manhood to acquire his purpose, I have no authority to go farther than this except a casual remark I unintentionally heard as I waited for admittance this evening, and heard him express his motives for your companionship to be the gainer for his sordid

desires to the crying detriment of another, whose shoes he is not fit to blacken. This is strong language, Millie, but I say it out of respect for your honorable parents, and a protection to yourself, from a friend who would go to the very gates of hell to save you from deception. I say farther, partly as a fact and partly as a presumption that Richwald's character points strongly to that of a criminal, which I can almost assure you time will prove, it is hidden in his nature and adroitly covered, but it is there and very plainly to me, in my long dealing with crooks and criminals. It will come to the surface sometime and society will brand him as an imposter that has lived in ease and luxury from an unearned competency stolen from some one else.

"That is my honest opinion of Richwald, certainly not a favorable one, is it?"

"Judge Wilhelm, I think you are mistaken and laboring under some fairy delusion. I never heard you speak so plainly and so impressively. Do you think I am a child not to be trusted, or competent to determine what I think is best for me, and the qualities that constitute righteousness; do you?" and she fairly beamed with anger.

"Listen, Millie do not allow yourself to become indignant. I admire your spirit of resentment and look upon you as a lady of culture, endowed with good common sense,

but change your thought from one of favor and take the other side, not really abhorrence, but bordering closely to it. What constitutes the foundation of an honorable man? Ponder a few moments and think earnestly, what does? Is it deception, cunningness and the destroying of other people's letters, no not letters perhaps is not the exact word," and he watched her to note the effect, "but the destroying of other people's strong, honest, pure and almost holy environments and the sacred entwinements and promises."

Millie again failed to get the import of the idea of what the Judge artfully endeavored to unclothe and he waited for its absorption, and continued. "You certainly can tell a flower that God unwraps through his sunshine and showers and then places it before you a model of beauty and perfection, rather than one that springs up over night sluggishly without any aroma of enchantment and endeavors to win as choice a place through imperfection and scurrility, and again he watched her.

"You certainly, Judge Wilhelm, are talking in a bewildering and peculiar way to me and while I think I gather the trend of your meaning I certainly think your remarks are very inappropriate, and you have not fully recovered your usual mental profoundness of thought since your illness."

"Now, Millie," said the Judge sadly, "I

regret that personal thrust. If you only knew how deep that cut and how it will gnaw, eat and pain me, I know you would have abstained from it. I am trying to tell you for your future peace of mind and happiness and every word I have spoken has been from the depths of my heart, and Millie if I was forced to the final test I would lay my bleeding heart at the altar of your happiness; what more my girl, what more can one human being do for another when their last drop of blood is shed in their behalf?"

"Think long and seriously, my girl, that I have known and seen reared from a baby choicest and rarest gifts of virtue, love and into a splendid woman, endowed with the honor. Think long and well, and if ever the time comes when you need either my advice or help, remember I will come, in storm or sunshine, daylight or darkness, health or sickness to administer what little I can to the daughter of my lifelong friend and companion and partly pay the debt of friendship that I owe to your honorable, loyal father. I bid you good evening Millie; it is very late and I must go. Good night and may God in his mercy care for you."

An almost pathetic good night in a very low tone was said by Millie, and the kind old man of the bench was swallowed in the darkness. He trudged slowly along with an ache in his heart and wished he were home where

he might give vent to his grief and sob like a child.

"Bedad, Judge, is that you? Lend a hand here to a poor misfortunate that's got out of that little narrow path in the big woide one."

"All right Pat, where is he?"

"Bedad me friend, you spake loike ye drank the cup of sorrow to the dregs and thin gulped thim down, but come on 'till we raise up some fallen humanity and raysthore his aquilibrium, (how's that last worrud yer honor for a mon that sane the school house from a pint of observation only). Sthand on yer aquililly ye besoaked critter, whir did ye git that there tebacky compound and that tyfoid wather. Brathe through yer proboscis and not too often aither, for tis the divil of a schmll that ye are histing forninst me. Under his wings Judge and take that ithir soide, I'll hist the rist of him, that's the way, now stidy, March, April or Daycimber anyway to get to port. "In—in—in me pocket," came from the tongue almost too thick to utter.

"What's in ye pocket, dinimite?" "No, po-por port." "Port what?" said Pat. "Oh, now I understind, port wine. Shure eddication is marvilious, but intuition and scint is close cousins."

"Bejabers, that's the last ye have from that bottle," and is that I could desthroy all of it as aisy. On we go, yer honor, to yer front room bed."

After much pulling, dragging and carrying me midnight trio reached the Judge's.

"Back to nature," said Pat as he unclad him, "we'll give the gintlemun a good lesson, a cold bath, some clean clothes and thin one of yer handy lectures, your honor. All riddy," and a full pail of cold water brought the desired results.

"Well, men, what does this mean? Where am I at, and why this rudeness?" asked the besoaked street prodigal. "It manes me frind, that if ye don't sign this plidge of total abstinence (bedad how the worruds do be coming to me lately) that your name and condition without hope of reward or fare of poonishment will be printed on hand bills and circoolated all through this slapeing village so that iviryone will be rayding it whin they do be dhrinking their morning coffee, sign up, sign up or I'll disclose your actions under the cover of darkness." "I will sign it, yes, but you were speaking of clothes, did I have some or didn't I?" "Oh, bedad," said Pat, "you are a born scholar, ye did have a few rags, but thim is gone the way of your port, and thirs a new suit for ye, insoide and out, hat, necktie and socks. Thry thim on and say how they fit."

When he had dressed, the Judge said, "what caused a man of your ability and as good a citizen as you will make to thow away your talents and roll in the gutter like a hog?

I and my friend here want to see you brace up and be a man, and if you ever need any help, come to either of us and we will be more than pleased to assist or encourage you, to start you out right, and if you really intend to be a man, you want to start right, do you not?"

"Yes, sir, I certainly do."

"Well then as the three of us engage in a word of prayer, pour out your heart aches to a better friend than either of us can ever be and I will guarantee you will never regret it or be sorry. Let us pray.

"Dear Heavenly father, we look to thee, not that we are worthy of thy commiserate care and help, but that we may through thee be able to withstand the trials, and temptations. We are weak and unless thy great love is embedded within our hearts we cannot suppress the evils through our wavering and unmoored strength. Help us and care for us, and let thy love come into the heart of our brother here who let temptation overcome him, cleanse his unrighteousness and be a shield to him in time of peril, guide him back to the narrow path where manhood, love, peace, contenment and all good things are found, help him to see and understand the blessed Jesus died for him and is standing ready to forgive him of all his iniquities. Give him freely of thy aid, cheer and help him and show him that if he will trust thee,

and anchor his love in thee thou wilt keep him pure and clean, and reward him in that day when thou shalt ask him to give account of his stewardship, let it be that which is pleasing to thee, we ask it in the blessed name of Jesus, Amen."

"I thank you gentlemen," said the revised edition of a new Man, "I am not an entire stranger to the teaching of the lowly Man of Galilee, and though I stumble and fall, I can come back to his great love, and he forgives me and his love again restores me, Praise his name gentlemen, and may an added blessing rest upon you. Good night, or rather mid-night," and he stepped again out into an uncertain world.

CHAPTER XIV.

An Irish Ressurrection.

As the tattered letter fell from Richwald's hand and the torn pieces lit here and there, Pat stepped from behind a tree and laboriously collected them, and to be sure none had escaped he searched and re-searched until satisfied he had them all.

"Be jabers now what does all this mane? I am moighty glad the writer used only one side of the paper. I will put the whole of it pasted on a board of some koind and thin oill rade it. Ye rascal ye are up to some kind of mischafe and this may be good ividince of yer decate. I am afther thinking this may assist in clarifying some peculiar actions of that quare Richwald and I will be taking the bist of care of these scraps of paper, and lock thim in me trunk after I lock thim in me hid. Oill be waithing until the darkness of night falls and in the way hours oill get thim out and start me glue factory and fit thim together. Rest in me pocket me beauties until I nade ye."

"Hello there," said some one, and Pat looking up beheld the MAN he and the Judge had taken to Port without the Port.

"Well, me good frind," said Pat, "I hardly racognized ye. How are you getting along, and why are ye in sooch a hurry." "Oh," responded the other, "I have a good job and feeling excellent." "Shure I am very glad indeed for the interesting information. Don't fail to consult with your great frind whin ye are sorely timptid, and go to him whinivir ye are in great nade, and befoor the ithir one gets a chance to get a houl't on me, and oill be guaranteeing that ye will nivr lose the battle."

"Well, thank you heartily, Pat. I have tried your suggestion and I fully believe in keeping the remedy at hand, and when I feel sick for some of the old worldly things I take the remedy that God has for me, and the MANHOOD within me and that little talk of the Judge's, and the water cure you gave me, helps me to be the victor."

"That's good sinse, me frind; kape at it and rade your Bible, and raymimbir me and the Judge whin ye nade any assistance."

"Good day, sir."

As Pat leisurely walked towards his domicile he meditated on early events in his checkered path of life, he had no regrets that he had taken the hand of Jesus, who had lifted him from evil, he wondered that he had waited as long as he had, but if he had been negligent in his late acceptance,

he would offset some of his derelection by getting in double time to sort of equalize that which had been lost.

"I often winder at the quare mixup of human lives, those that could do things and have the manes, but will not, and those that have the inclination but not the manes and cannot. Why the Lord did not have the manes and the willingness togethir is beyond me dapest thoughts, but oill not be interfaring with how the Lord made pable, for aven meself might have done a poorer job of it, and oill not be bothering the few brains he seen fit to give to me and sphend no time delving into his human manufacturery. That's the sicond toime now me heart is in Oireland and me fate in Americy, it often comes whin I think of me fayther, be jabers but he was an iccintric indipindint good little mon, he had his faults, and oi have mine and the rist of ye is not disolate whin sphakeing of faults.

"Me fayther was a hard mon to get acquainted with and oi nivir larned him until a few years before his dith. Oi nivir could fale rale fra with him in getting close to his heart. Nivir can oi rainimbir of sitting on his knay, or had him till me a sthory or give me a frindly kiss. Oi loved me fayther in his old age whin the mellowness was staleing into his nature that showed me plainly what had been covered up so long.

The heart aches in me know that his milowness did not come earlier in his cayreer whin oi longed for his love and companionship. Oi did not riccollict any of his airly history, but that he was born in the County Mayo in the laytle town of _____ under the sunny skies of the ould sod, and at the tindir age of four years he was left an orphan, this may account for his not being iny too fond of the kisses and the miny other things connected therewith. I know he was of the Catholic faith born one and died one and had no fare of future punishment.

"I can rayminber miny of his good and meritable qualities. I nivir heard him spake falsely of inybody, abuse the integrity of his honor or chate inyone out of a Lincoln pinny, he nivir told me much about his religion, and Oi am not an authority which daynomination is the sure one, and oi give to all the backbone of the American constitution and lit thim use the dictates as they plase. Choorches are station houses on the Union Paycific to hivin, and ye can git on at the Methodist, the Prisbitarin or the Catholic Dapot, and be sure of getting to the right place if ye live the loife that suits the master, but if ye don't live right a good miny will be lift at the roundhouse waiting for the engine to hook on whin the stame can't be raised. Oi will be satisfied

to get on the thrain whin oi say me Lord at the throttle and take me oirish chance of having him pull me to the roight place.

“Oi hould in me heart no malice for iny daynomination and nivir would oi put an obstruction to have the block show rid, but ’tis wrong to have all of thim imphatically saying this is the roight one. Oi have an uncle in Osage, Missouri—but sphaking of me fayther I loved him as aforesaid min-tioned and because he was an Irishman and oi love the Irish this makes a dubble love for me fayther, sort of a shotgun raciprocity because it raypates. Oi rayilize that thir are all koinds of oirish—good, indifferent and dubble bad, but lit me say from expayrience 40 odd years of it and with the sauce of observation thrown in as good mis-ure and swateniss, that of all class of pay-ple that oi have met through defate and victory thir is none that have more tindir simpathy and dayper devotion thin the oir-ish, with all thir faults be they more or liss. They are conundrums to understand but the heart in thim is loyal and thrue. His quick timpor may wound you, his fist may harrum ye and his wit may best you, and his sarcasm burn ye but whin the cup of life is filled with sorrow and ye nade the hilp of a thrue and tindir love go iviry toime to an oirshman, may God bless ivirybody and don’t

forget the oirish, bejabers oi must loike the oirish, and whir is a place ye don't foind thim, in the Sinit, prisidintial chair, Aldermen, Policemun, Base ball managers, in the ring (both koinds), Orators, Lecturers, Professors, Actors, Musicians all along the C. B. & Q. R. R. and both bars? Well bedad oi must get at me noight worruk, oim a mon of letthers meself, so here goes me patience in raystoring the miny shmall payces of paper into a letter that's raideable. 'Sunrise, Kilifornia,' that's me stharing, 'your own true love, Ernest Landon,' that's the inding, with the ixception of these funny marks that riprisint kisses. Oh bedad oi had a swateheart meself once, oi know the funny marks. Some love through a loife toime, some get a taste and some nivir get it at all, at all. Oi raymimbir me taste of it and oi nivir could understand why the Lord took her away, and lave me broken hearted that has nivir bin mindid, but mon proposes and God disposes and oi got the lavings and a punctured pump, but bliss the mimory of me swateheart, her loife and love made me betther and built the foundation for me MANHOOD 'twas a fareful blow to me irascible nature but 'twas bist for some unsane rayson or 'twould have bin different altogether, and while it nearly stole me rason oi thank the Lord he aised the pain and made me a betther mon. Oi rayjoice

me love was pure and not the twintieth cintury koind that sphrings up in two glances, and five hours afterwards ye have a laytle soft frizzly undomesticated uh huh dash of flour on yer hands that ye don't now what in the divil to do with, and un-liss ye chase the dollars hard and have a laytle pride yer five hours courtship throws ye flat against yer mother in law, the knot tiers fee unpaid, and a wool sack full of domestic infelicity as yer hasty burdhen to sthart with. Shure 'tis the wrong kind of a blissing to bolster up iny lasting conganial plisure. Quick courtships, punctured finds, ye darling laytle fluffy thing, yer mother in out law to plase, and ye shure have a job on yer hands to corral the biscoots, and a good running sthart to the Coort house. Good night to the girrul whose sole vocabuoleery is uh huh, thirs too much mush and sorrow in the two worruds to turn out dacint biscoots. Oi loike the koind that makes ye wate and divilop yer muscle, and spakes out clare and distinct without any fumbling of the uh huhs, thims the koind that can put a prosperous well dayviloped biscoot one full grown and shmile at ye ateing it. Well be jabers oi must be getting back to me worruk and not be running to an Oirish solecism. Let me see oi had the engine and the cay-

boose to me letther oi must be putting in a few cars. My dear and loving Millie (that sounded good) and goes behoind the locomotive. Ma is a splendid type of choice womanhood. Bedad where will oi couple oop that epigram, it don't fit nare the kisses although tis swate, oi must give oop the idea of classifying the swate things siparate from the unswate and moind the sinse more. I have kept my love pure and rejoice in being true to my promise as I agreed by the silent Elm, but you my dear, for some reason allowed negligence to creep in and I no longer hear from you, and I mistrust you no longer are possessed of the ardor you so sweetly manifested on the day of our betrothal, what should cause that spark of love that burned so brightly to smoulder and finally become extinct is more than I can fathom."

Bedad, oi did foine that toime. Iviry one that oi picked oop samed to fit in snugly and be the roight one. The Bible the Judge gave me is still my daily companion and guide. I often think of Brannigan and the presence of mind that he had in placing in my grip a motto that I have placed on the wall in my room, it was kind and thoughtful of him. Bedad oi most forgot about that, but it might have been a good one. Remember the elms silent ap-

proval of our love, God's joining together of souls, the streams when it said Millie, Millie, the saloon with its foul smell, kisses based on pure love and not on base r——. Bedad the kayboose is ahead of the engine thin a car gits ahead and thin the kayboose stands alone, this must be rasorted and oi must cease to paste thim down before rayd-ing or it will look worse than the old lady's insane quilt, and liss sinse than the mayden spache of a College lawyer. Half past tin and not one page riserrected, oi wish Airn-est would have written a short letther this toime and put in more kisses, as oi can arrange the kisses nicely and have no trouble with thim, but oi have so mooch trouble in kapeing the hid loight in front of the engine. But do not give up Brannigan, 'tis not an oirish trait and yer a young mon yit, so here we stame up agin. If all men that hold positions of trust would never abuse the confidence their constituents repose in them, like the venerable Judge, what glorious and exalted places the Courts of this Country could rest upon. Whenever any Judicial tribunal allows contamination for the selfish advancement of a few and chosen privileges as a special body for narrow principles, then those high offices lose dignity and fester with moral decay and partial decisions. If our Courts do not stand out as

public benefactors of impartial justice what can we expect other than pollution and censure. When any man in any office takes his oath before Almighty God to do his duty and then flagrantly abuses that sacred trust, where in society could such a man be placed that would entitle him to any recognition. Where is the merit? Bejabers another nice string of cars, rade and paste is betther than paste and rade. Whenever I forsake any principle embodied in my elm tree promise, approved by the trickling stream in God's great out door of purity and grandeur, I hope I will not have the brazen audacity to impose upon you that inward falsity of leading you to the altar and deceitfully fulfilling the most sacred ceremony that God has ordained between man and woman. And now Millie I have long and patiently expected a reply to my letters, but as the weeks drag into months, and when my heart heavy with grief and sadness steals away the sunshine and a longing, burning despondency settles its gloom and melancholy upon me, and I think and ponder and yearn, until reason feels like flitting from me, my soul cries out in anguish and remorse. For God's sake Millie, what is the trouble? Do not torture me and make me old and wretched, write and tell me all, Millie, Millie, Millie, do not break

your promise and drive me to an early grave.' The dirty, sneaking, despicable, contemptible automobile snake and coward. Be dad I must have sthruck the table harrud, me fist aches yit. Will inyway ol finished it if it is thray o'clock. Oi have some good ividence on me paste board.

CHAPTER XV.

The Midnight Bar Oration.

Ernest had been detained late at the office finishing an intricate piece of work and was not aware of the lateness of the hour, until he consulted his watch. Goodness sakes 11:05 P. M., I must be going. Slipping on his coat he hurriedly turned the key in the lock and rapidly strode homeward.

As he neared the saloon he heard voices singing in a drunken jargon sort of way inside and outside the building. Hoping to pass quickly he increased his pace and was nearly past when two large, red-faced men grabbed him, and try as he could in his strength of youth to extricate himself, he could not. Dragging him inside by sheer muscular strength, one of the ruffians said, amidst laughter and jeers, "Ascend there to that marble top and give us a bar oration."

"Why not," went through his mind, and he yielded to their entreaty and stood before them.

"Proceed, John B. Gough the second," said one of the well imbibed audience.

This gave Ernest a clue as he remembered, Gough was a famous temperance lecturer. Why not at this late hour before this motley drunken crowd pour out the burning words of denunciation that this demoralizing business warranted, why not dynamite the minds of these red nosed hearers with the best he had, and he decided to try.

"Gentlemen of the Bar, the wrong bar, the bar to MANHOOD, principle and happiness, lend me your ears but not your noses. I do not want your whiskey soaked raspberry vein bursted proboscis, keep them yourselves, they advertise the business for the man that takes your money and character and gives you nothing back but that raspberry blossom, are you proud of your investment? Hands up if you are, stand back of the man you buy your goods from. No hands, well thanks boys, there's a spark of pride left yet, let's kindle it. How many of you fellows will go home to your wives, with enough money in your pockets to take her a box of candy? You all love your wives, you registered your oath in Heaven to protect and cherish her above all others. ARE YOU DOING IT?" and he yelled the burning words. "Listen, Men, I want to say this to you, each day you live is indelibly written down on the daily page in the book of life.

If you have lived clean and honorable, well and good, if you have not I say,

Alas. Remember men when darkness falls and you steal companionship from the one you swore to love and care for, and revel here in shame and debauchery, until the morning sun discloses another day, it is too late to change the record and the page cannot be torn out, mutilated or destroyed because it is eternally fastened, and your page of life for that day is chronicled under the caption, shame and evil. How many more of that kind of pages do you want before you ask the intercession of God; do you want more or are you willing and ready to keep filling the book? Listen, you reap what you sow, and the keenest mind that ever lived cannot dispute that fact, can you expect to sow raspberries and reap the bread of life, can you get into the boat of purity and glide over the stream of life into God's holy love, when you keep sowing the filth that this hell hole stands for? Can you men? CAN YOU BE SQUARE AND HONEST? CAN YOU?" and his voice roared and boomed in the intensity of feeling.

"Mr. Saloon keeper, you that has the brazen audacity to wear a white apron, the symbol of purity, when you should wear a crepe one, you who pave the street with dollars stolen from shoeless and hungry children, broken-hearted wives and mothers, you that claim that you reduce taxes

with your license money, do you reduce and how much, how many mills, or the fractional part of a mill, how much? Don't know? Well said, you don't know. Listen how you reduce them. You make paupers, criminals, beggars, liars, maniacs, robbers, and the rottenest kind of character assassins. You fill the jail and penitentiaries, and you pour your miserable, damnable license money into the City treasury at one end and, you keep the Courts, Juries and Lawyers busy at the other. You never let up day or night, and all day and part of the night you keep justice at work, pray tell me where the tax reduction comes in; you gather boys without any discrimination, lawyers, ministers, doctors, mine, yours and anybody's. You steal their characters, that mothers have prayed to keep pure, destroy their future and then give them a push into hell. Are you proud of your finished product, are you proud of your vocation, ARE YOU? ARE YOU?

"You do not stop with the boys but you take girls—girls that are as pure as lilies, the gems of this whole creation, and what does your nefarious business do for them? You know. Come on, be square. Where do they end after you get your devilish clutch upon them? Are you proud to see them as they travel the road to ruin and hell, are you? How do you improve the community,

what benefit do your patrons derive? Are you going to be proud of your work when you reach old age, when you stand before God and all these wrecks of humanity, stand behind you, and point their long emaciated fingers at you and say, he did it, how many will point, how many? Who paid for that diamond in your shirt front, and that other one on your finger, who built that elegant home where you live, who furnished the golden oak furniture, the costly rugs, who buys your beefsteak, your brass bed, and the easy rocker for your wife? Does she enjoy it, tell her all about the sorrow, the heart aches, prayers and tears behind that rocker, show it vividly to her, and as she rocks back and forth to the musical swash of her silken skirts ask her if she enjoys her meditations.

"Is not your own daughter worth all the millions this damnable business has ever paid in license money, would you see her go straight to the wickedness of hell, to let your saloon run, would you? Men of the bar you are the fellows that foot the bill, you let this fellow ride by you in his automobile and you reel along in drunkenness and rags, that he may do so. He eats the choice cuts of the high priced steaks, and you pay for them, his children wear good clothes, his wife lives in ease, and you fellows pay all his bills. Are his children bet-

ter than yours, or his wife, are they men, are they? and a hundred voices fairly bel-
lowed, not by a d—— sight.' Then why
give all to this man and let your wife sit
on a box, your children pointed at and your-
self a disgrace in their sight. Are you
proud to keep this fellow sleek and well
groomed, and your wife and children cold
and hungry. Are you Men? Stop—stop—
stop.

"Come on men, come on be men, it is not
too late, come on, come on, come to Jesus
and he can restore your MANHOOD and
send you home sober. He will give you a
renewed pride that will not let any man
steal from your wife or children, come on
men, come on. I love you; Jesus loves you;
his heart is bleeding for you, he gave his
life for men like you, be men, be fathers,
be husbands and love the dear ones, don't
kill your wife and send her broken hearted
to an early grave and have her blood on
your hands to answer for, don't disgrace
your children, I know you love them, come
on and tell Jesus, he understands you men,
Come on men, be men." "Just a minute,
some one said, and as Ernest looked around
he saw the saloon keeper getting upon the
bar beside him. "Gentlemen," he said, "you all
know me. For ten years I have sold this
cursed stuff to you, I have grown wealthy
through the dispensing of it, I have lived

in comfort and ease, I am not proud of it, and in ten minutes from now a new day starts, and when the new day begins I start with it and as long as I live, I will never again, so help me God, sell another glass of any kind of liquor. I am through with this business forever. I am deeply touched from what the boy has said and I am sorry that I have caused the sorrow and the heartaches that I have. My fortune is yours, rugs, furniture and all if you want it, and if there is one among you that I can help in any way I will do your bidding gladly and partially restore and lessen some of the misery I have caused. I fully realize I cannot go on in life without the help and forgiveness of the Savior, this boy has spoken of, and I take his hand as a pledge and ask you all to do the same." "Just a minute," said a voice. "I wish to say a word. I have in my hand an original poem that I have set to music and with your forbearance I am going to sing it to you, and then I will repeat the solicitation of my friend here for all of you to come to the Master as a crowning victory to the movement the boy here started when he sent me sprawling upon the pavement, Listen to the song friends,

WHEN THE LIGHTS GO BY.

God is on the engine coming straight
for you

He has the throttle open, his Gospel
train is due,

Don't hesitate to signal or miss his
watchful eye

Be sure and get a foot hold 'fore the
lights go by.

When the lights go by, when the lights
go by

Your soul will cry in anguish, too late
will be your cry,

Don't miss your chance for heaven and
never even try,

And say Alas, you waited 'till the lights
went by.

Your passage costs you nothing, Jesus
paid the price,

The Bible is the time card that all your
needs suffice,

He's looking for your signal, Oh heed
his watchful eye

Tell him you are ready 'fore the lights
go by.

Come on, the whistle's blowing, his
limited is here,

His train is never crowded, the Right
of Way is clear

Don't hesitate and miss it, tomorrow
you may die,

Ask Jesus for a ticket 'fore the lights
go by.

"Ten minutes to twelve men," said the saloon keeper, "line up for Jesus, 'fore the lights go by, come on," and they came.

"Pray my friend," said the regenerated saloon MAN to Ernest. "No," said Ernest, "let the first convert pray, he was one of your patrons. Let us kneel boys, all of you."

"Dear God, we come before thee at this hour and ask thee to feed these hungry and aching hearts, these hearts that have wandered in the paths of sin and far from thy love, you still love them, and love all of them, come close to us that we may feel thy presence, and though Lord we are not in a house dedicated to thy service thou can enter just the same. We know that wherever hungry hearts yearn for thee there thou wilt be and that to comfort and bless. Make good and respectable MEN and citizens out of these men, send them to their homes with gladness, and the sunshine of thy love and soberness shining in their faces, let them meet their loved ones with outstretched arms. Lord forgive our wickedness and help us in our struggle to be decent and honorable MEN, we can with thy help, come Lord and bless us all, bless the MAN who had courage to take a stand for thee and disclaim any further wrecking of souls through the nefarious business he was engaged in. Hasten the day to the

complete extinction of this damnable business that is allowed in a land of boasted LIBERTY, speed the day when the stars and stripes can wave from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the great lakes to the Gulf and all over our possessions, and will not have to droop in shame in seeing the effect and shame caused by the liquor traffic, and we will give to thee all the praise in his beloved name."

"Amen," said the saloon keeper, "and Lord we put ourselves in thy hands, care for us and help us to be MEN, and give us strength to win and we will be MEN." "Amen," shouted many MEN. "Come on, boys, the clock is striking twelve, and my life changes and no longer will I sell anything that harms my brother, and takes away from him the best that God has given him, robs his family and brings curses to me. Remember I am ready at any time to help any of you. Good night, and be faithful."

"I am certainly well pleased with my extemporaneous address, not anything that I said but the spirit and the strength that the Lord gave me, I believe, I could have talked three hours, it was so easy. Why Christ seemed to stand right by my side and the words came so fast I could hardly keep ahead of them. I never believed I could say anything about intemperance, and

just think of it in a saloon with no one on your side but Jesus and that one convert that came in later. If the Master had not been there I would have failed. Right after the introductory remarks, I felt weak, but he seemed to say, 'Be not afraid, it is I, lo I am with you always.'"

Ernest could hardly believe that he had been forced into the saloon and made a speech for the marble bar, but he had and he felt elated, as is always the case when an honorable stand is taken for the Master's business and MANHOOD.

"Where have you been, Ernest," said Ma? "Oh, only to a short intellectual meeting mingling with men of the bar." "Were any celebrities there?" asked Ma. "No," said Ernest, "just the ordinary fellows that swing their shingle to the breeze and then take all their cases before Judge Barleycorn." "Good night, Ma." "Morning, rather you mean," responded Ma.

CHAPTER XVI.

Mutiny and Sorrow.

When Judge Wilhelm and Pat had thoroughly concluded that the proper thing to do was to call at Millie's, and endeavor to get her to see where views regarding Richwald were leading her to, and if possible through studious and careful effort get her mind clarified to the urgent necessity of immediate action, then drop the whole thing as final. If all this failed then the only recourse left would be to produce the cold facts, substantiated by the resurrected letter. This was no choice or desired method or attitude for either Pat or the Judge to maintain or pursue. The Judge dreaded the ordeal as he knew that pain would follow, and this he deplored, but the tangle had no other solution and he must do his duty, no matter how hard or terrific the impending storm might be.

"Well, Pat, let us be on our way, I am in no mood for the task the evening has in store for us. But we will do our best to make it clear and then if the worst comes we will have to meet it and conquer, if possible with diplomacy of some sort. If this

also fails we will then take up the armor of righteousness clad in the naked truth. I will be the leading spokesman and whenever you see a good opening, where you think you can ease or better the case, be free to do so."

"All roight, me frind, Oi will put something up me sleeve and if opportunity opens the dure without knocking Oi'll indivor to introduce the lady as bist Oi can."

"Very well, Pat, I will depend upon you to ease whenever the breakers become too perilous, come on."

"Come right in, gentlemen, I am very glad to see you both."

"Thank you, Millie," said the Judge.

"The same shot from me own gun, Millie," said Pat.

"The same old Pat," said Millie, and both she and the Judge smiled. "Allow me to take your hats, gentlemen, and be seated, please."

"Thanks, Millie," said the Judge again as Pat looked at the picture of an artistic landscape.

"Looks loike the old elm, do ye ramimbir the verses, Millie, about the maiden with the joys of loife before her?" asked Pat.

"Yes," said Millie, "but the appropriateness of them is still in the background."

"Bedad, thin Oi'll be thrying to bring thim in the foreground, fore the noights past."

"Millie," said the Judge, "Mr. Brannigan and myself—"

"Mr. Nothing," said Pat. "Spake of me as Pat. Oi am not fond of putting new feathers on an ould birrud."

Millie laughed and the Judge realized the Irishman's tact in drawing out Millie on the sunny side.

"Myself and Pat, then," went on the Judge, "have formed ourselves into a committee of two, to sort of hobnob with the ladies or lady rather, to endeavor to bring to the surface certain bewildering and somewhat unpleasant circumstances, that we deem wise to investigate and to ascertain the truth or falsity. We propose to show that our syllabus is not based upon hearsay, but actual facts and before we go into the matter more fully, and not keep you in curious suspense I wish to ask you if you can recall the last time you heard from Mr. Landon?"

"Yes, I can," responded Millie, "I have his letter, but may I ask what causes you, my two friends, to clothe your language in such perplexing garments. I think your remarks unwarranted. You do not speak plainly, and act as if you were my guardians and I an incompetent or an imbecile and not accountable for what I do. Please do not embarrass me further by any base motives, as I sense your visit is to villify Mr. Rich-

wald, which you have no right to do, and any further impertinence does not increase an appreciative interview. If slander is your object with no essence of truth to warrant the same, I decline to partake or be an accomplice to any further conversation along that line."

"Whew," said Pat, "Lit me rade ye a laytle poem Oi found whin Oi was coorting me swateheart, Mary, in the ould country."

"Very well, Pat," said Millie, "if you think it appropriate, but mind you, no more subterfuge."

"Bejabbers, Millie, yer timpirament must be close to a powder kig this evening. Oi'll prophesy this, me girrul, if ye have an extra bandana, get it. Ye may need it to hould the tears before we lave ye. Now me laytle epistle first and thin iny raymarks that may be for the bist of the prisint company. Me laytel poem is entitled: 'Waiting for A Letter.'"

"How I longed and looked and waited,
Waited for the Coming Letter,
And the days sped by in silence,
One, two, three, and then a dozen.
How the pangs of waiting stung me
Stung me to the very heart core,
And I felt almost discouraged
Waiting for the precious token.

* * * *

And I pondered as I wondered,
What could cause this dreadful delay?
Was it that my love was ailing
Or was it some awful blunder
Caused by mail clerks and postmasters?
Who if knew but what my thoughts were
Based on that small scrap of paper,
They would send it with all God-speed,
Saying, 'Go relieve that craving.

* * * *

'Still the days sped by in silence,
Each one seeming as a decade,
And my thoughts became remorseless
For my heart was nearly broken.

* * * *

Have you had that horrid feeling
When it seemed to rend the heart strings,
When your friends said, 'He is ailing.
Better go and call a doctor,
Maybe he has stomach trouble.'

* * * *

"Still they knew not what your thoughts
were,
Knew not that a letter caused it.
That it made you dumb and sullen.

* * * *

"Still your thoughts were at a premium
When you saw the coming mail train;
And you started for the office
Where the mail is put in boxes.

* * * *

"For the first time through the day
Your dry lips assumed a pucker,
And you started forth to whistle
But you made a dull sound only,
Something like a prairie chicken
As it flies from here to yonder.
"Now the heart beats forth in rapture
And the blood flows to and forward,
And the cheeks get bright and rosy.
"Suddenly the eye doth glisten
And the heart beats loud and gladly.
You are watching the postmaster
As he discards those dear tokens
Into the many boxes,
Where each one proclaims an owner.
"Soon his voice is heard to utter
As he stands behind the sanctum,
'Friends the mail is now all ready.
Please step up and claim your letters.'

* * * *

"Then there comes that rush and pushing,
Each one anxious for their letters,
Some are proud to have lock boxes,
For it causes no disturbance.
Chiefly cause they have them opened
And peruse them as they get them.
"Then when every thing is silent
And the rush and push is over,
You step up to the wicket
And in accents mild and meek like,
Sounding almost like a woman.

Softly to the mailman only
You repeat that oft asked question,
"Mister, please is there a letter?"
For a name so often told him.
"The reply comes slow and sternly
And it makes you feel down hearted,
For you know that there is nothing—
Nothing but more pain and sorrow."

"Now, Millie, said Pat, 'Tis a long time since ye heard from Airnest, am Oi roight?"

"Yes, you are, Pat, and if he had thought much of me he would have written as he agreed and promised."

"Did you kape writing to him, Millie, afther ye no longer heard from him?"

"Yes, I did for a long time, and then after I had written and written and received no replies, I was forced to the conclusion that he no longer cared for me and I discontinued to write to him. It nearly broke my heart and so many times I have wept hours and hours, for I did love him. Oh, how I loved that boy, and I know that he loved me. We made our pledge of betrothal under the old elm and now he has caused me so much pain and sorrow that I almost despise him for his disloyalty. Oh, why did he cast me aside and let me suffer and mourn. Why did he let my heart bleed? Oh! oh! oh!

"Quick, Judge, the bandana," said Pat.

"There, there Millie" said the Judge "do

not weep so bitterly. I know your feelings. Do not mistrust Ernest. I know there is a great injustice done him and our mission here this evening is to clear up this predicament and restore that which you think is lost. You will soon rejoice again and see where some one deceived you opposite to whom you think. The best is yet to come."

"Surely, Mr. Wilhelm, you do not think my position unwarranted, do you? When Ernest failed to keep his promise and neglected me, should I bear the whole burden and remain loyal to him? I do not consider I am guilty of deceit."

"That is just it, Millie," said the Judge, "someone has abused and misled you. And to avoid suspense I will ask Pat to show you a letter he found which will be self-explanatory. Please show the letter to Millie, Pat," requested the Judge.

"Yis, sir, Oi will, and allow meself a few remarks. Miss Millie as an introductory this letter that Oi hould in me hand was found a long time ago on the road leading to your house. Oi was walking along the road whin I heard an automobile and stipped behoind a tray, not that Oi was ashamed to be sane, or was I spyng, but to carry out a plan of me own that Oi knew would bring relafe and plisure to yerself. The littir was tor in strips and Oi sat up half the night putting it to githir and getting the sinse out of

it. Oi beg your pardon Oi was compillid to rade it to get it sensibly constructed, otherwise, Oi niver would have read it. Thir it is—rade it for yerself and blame me, your frind, and not Arnest, for he has written ye every wake and that black-hearted villian has destroyed yer littirs.

Millie read the letter and her heart softened. Parts of it made her weep, and parts of it softened her hungry heart and fed it. When she concluded she could hardly speak. Every kind of emotion swept through her, chagrin, remorse, love, pity and anger.

"I will confront the traitor, Richwald, and tell him to never enter this house again. Such wanton deceit and treachery is beyond expression. I see and understand it all now. I must find and tell him, hypocrite that he is."

"No, Millie," said the Judge, "Let him continue to come and we will take care of him shortly. Pat, myself and Raymond have been getting the evidence, for a long time and we will have a rehearsal meeting between us in a fe wevenings to confirm all our suspicions, and in order to have all the links substantially welded together, you must help us by doing your part, so we can do ours, and while this may be a severe test for you and a great trial under the circum-

stances, as you know them, the greater will be your reward when justice has her day of triumph. You will do this much to help us will you not?"

"Yes, I will, and I beg your pardon for showing my temper this evening, and once before when you called here not long ago for my good and wholly in my behalf and I wounded you bitterly. Please forgive me for my harsh treatment of you, my true and tried friends. I am most heartily ashamed of my insolent conduct on both occasions."

"Most certainly, Millie, I will forgive you. Let us bury it as the word says, "Let the dead past bury its dead."

"Thank you, Mr. Wilhelm, and you also Mr.—I mean Pat."

"Bedad, Oi fale Oi'm the culprit that should be asking yer pardon for rayding yer letters of tindirness. Oi must say Airnest makes a great miny funny crosses when he ends a littler. Is he learning the Yapan-aise language to save space and get in more words.?"

"Cease your teasing, Pat, you know what those crosses are and the meaning thereof," said Millie.

"Will, Oi'm not shure but Oi belave they must be tokens of endearment that rise from the heart and sittle on the lips, but, bedad, Oi'm not shure. Oi have not rilshed one for

nigh thirty years, and Oi do be expecting if Oi ever get another one, Oi'll have to stale it from the Judge. Bedad, Oi would as soon slobber over his honor as any woman Oi have ivir seen, excipting, of course, me mithir, yerself and the swate-heart Oi have had meself once. 'Tis a cruel woruld to take away a man's swateheart and lave a torn place for the rist of me loife but nivir moind, me frind and mesilf will have to set back and say ithers enjoy the luxury and stale a laytle of thir happiness. Oi belave, me frind, we betther be laveing, fir whinivir Oi say so mooch happiness as is shining now on the face of Millie, me eyes somehow or ithir fale loike risting in me mithir's lap and cry out me heart aches."

"Pat, I feel sorry for you," said Millie, as she rested her hand upon his shoulder.

"I do, too," said the Judge, as he lay his hand on the other shoulder of the stalwart Irishman.

"Bedad, me frinds, me faleings came near lakeing on me and Oi could have sobbed loike a baby. Oi don't belave Oi filt so badly since the toime my frind here was ailing, and we prayed in the strate."

"What's that, Pat," said the Judge, "you prayed in the street, when I was ill?"

"Bedad, your honor, Oi maned no harrum. 'Tis Millie here can till ye some toime in yer ould age whin aither or both of ye are in a

raymniscient mood and lave me out."

"Pat you are a man," said Millie.

"Indeed, you are a man, Pat," said the Judge.

"Two misthakes, me friends, just an ignorant Irishmun."

CHAPTER XVII.

Suspicious Affirmed.

"Come over to the Judge's this avenin', Torg, at sivin fifty-nine and thray quarters.

"All right Pat," said Torg. "I'll be there on time."

"Come right in, Gentlemen," said the Judge, "I am very glad to see both of you. Take a chair and excuse my lassitude.

"Oi presume," said Pat, "that last worrud ye sphoke manes thray square meals a day, a place to slape, an ixtra suit of under garments and a shave."

"Pat you are a wonder in your quick dissection of another's vocabulary when the word is not used properly," said the Judge.

"Bedad, what privileges the Lord gives the Oirish to allow thim the society of intilligint Min."

"I wonder. your Honor," said Torg, "if Pat would recite a poem of his own originality before we delve into the serious labors of the evening?"

"I believe he would be pleased," said the Judge. "I have never been able to catch him unprepared."

"Mr Brannigan for your approval," said Torg, laughingly.

"What will it be me frinds, Science, Literature, Art or plain Oirish poetry?"

"Poetry," urged both the Judge and Torg.
"Any kind will do."

"Be jabers, I'm not giving ye of aither but will thry something different, and if ye don't loike it ye can say so and till me to sthop whin I'm through and thin finish it betwane ye. Do ye agray betwane ye or are ye sipirate and united? Here are a few extracts under the caption Philosophical Shmiles:

"Whin yer all in doubt,
And yer tathe fall out,
Don't stop and pout
But wait awhile,
Give this a thrial
And shmile.

"Whin the bills fall due
And yer fearful blue,
Don't say yer through,
Just sthop awhile,
Give this a thrial
And shmile.

"Whin trade is loight
And collections quiet,
Hang on and foight,
Thin rist awhile,
Give this a thrial
And shmile.

"Thin shmile and shmile, and shmile,
It helps the liver and the bile,
Thry it awhile,
Give it a thrial,
Just shmile."

"It is always best to shmile before the sargun goes afther the appindix, it may be too late afterwards.

"Shmile whinivir ye fale mane and ugly, and kape yer grave yard face for funerals.

"Take off yer hat to a lady, bald hids nade some sunshine.

"Tie a sthick of dinimite to the booze and thin lave it alone.

"Take a boquet of flowers to your wife and bate the undertaker.

"Don't lie all day and expict to lie all noight.

"Pay your dits, thinking all the toime a sharp axe hangs over yer hid.

"Make the cimint of frindship so strong there'll be no cracks in it.

"Bottle up profanity and label it poison.

"Loan something in loife beside money, and ye'll be surprised whin the intirist is paid.

"If ye can't say something good whin ye open yer food conveyer, don't waste iny toime cloosing it oop.

"Put vim in the hand shake and kape the mither in law one in the rear.

"Whin some one hands ye a lemon don't get sour.

"If ye only go to choorch a couple of times a yare, throw more than foive cints in the plate, it don't buy mooch of anything else, and a nickel's worth of rayligun is a dum shmall amount.

"Think of a cigirit as a gimlit that bores into the brains, the more you use the faster ye bore and yer soon short on grey matther.

"If ye sit around waiting for an inheritance yer joints will get so sthiff ye can't get a job on the relroad.

"Hunt for everything else but throuble, and yer appetite will be always kane.

"Use your little hammer and growl and kick, but don't expict iny flowers whin they cart ye away.

"Kape yer timpir, drink Grape Juice if ye can't get wather, stay away from the joy roides, lave firearms unloaded and ye can't git loife insurance in any of the big coompanies.

"How would ye loike to look in the hivins and rade an electric sign afther ye sphent yer loife toime doing avil, that rid 'daypart from me ye workers of anaquity?"

"The pitch that dhrops from the knots under a July sun will be nothing to how it oozes out of yer hoides in that other place, a worrud to the wise.

"Nitro-glycerine is a hoigh and danger-

ous explosive, but it's loike money in the ithir fellow's till, it won't hurt ye until ye commence to tamper with it.

"Chase the dollars whin ye are young, and ye can cross yer legs whin ye are ould.

"Take nitro out of glycerine and a baby can dhrink it, lave both in yer business.

"Kape a picture of the pinitentiary in yer moind, if ye think ye can get something for nothing.

"Some payple spake so tinderly and affectionately of a cool one. Listen! Those cool ones will take ye down a hot path wiggling with shnakes, open the doors of hill and burrun ye oop cursing yer own medicine.

"Raymimbir the thray buildings, School-houses, Choorches and Saloons, Edecation, Salvation and Damnation. Take yer choice, two-thirds one way and one-third the ithir.

"Lime slacks quickly, and ye that sell it must sometimes open a new barrel for a foive-cent sale, or say ye haven't iny. Which pays, the lie or the nickel?

"Ye wouldn't marry an unchaste woman, give her the same roight whin ye sphake of matrimony.

"Don't waste yer toime about getting the wimin to be rayligus, look after the min.

"Some womin are so jilious that they won't allow thir hoosband to go to funerals unless he takes thim.

"Prachers of the Gospil have no superior

right over ithir min to tamper with impropriety.

"If ye sit down and whimpir, all the Fords in the country will run over ye.

"Train up yer choild in the way he should go and watch out he don't burn the gasolane going it.

"One is enough at a quarrel; two make a foight.

"Don't be afther tilling a mon ye will pay him on a certain day whin ye positively know ye are edecating yerself to be the bist liar in the community.

"If ye are bound to travel the path to ruin, go at such a terrific pace that the divil can play chickirs on yer coat tail the whole distance.

"Iviry toime ye fall from Grace, the ould boy below houlds yer hand a little longer.

"Solemnity in an aggravated state brades milincoly, laugh at the funeral if it does ye good, the Lorrud will not record it against ye.

"If a boy or girrul is layding a commendable loife, no matther what thir parints moight have bin, whithir the fayther was a drunkard and wore the sthripes and the mithir stayped in sin and digridation; iny person who is so low as to use those things as a raffiction and discredit, should be bound hand and foot upon a sthick of dinimite with a lighted fuse attached and lit thim watch it as it crapes closer and closer.

"Bedad me frinds, nivir start me agin. Oi nivir have the sinse to sthop."

"I am sure I enjoyed it, Pat."

"I did, too," said the Judge. "You are a revelation to me."

"I presume, your honor," said Torg, after the relaxation from the Irish epigrams, "we might as well proceed to the best method of the proper disposal of Richwald."

"In my mind the evidence warrants a speedy call of justice, and I suppose your honor would be willing to hear the case, or would you prefer a change of venue, on account of your friendship for Millie?"

"No, I believe not," said the Judge, "and unless asked for I will try the case."

"Very well," said Torg, "I believe the evidence is conclusive and in perfect arrangement for conviction. Pat has the letter, I have the corroborative evidence of the postmaster, and everything is in readiness to proceed before a court of common jurisdiction. I think Richwald grossly guilty."

"Be jabbers, said Pat, pulling out a twenty dollar gold piece from his pocket, "Oi am not a floating United States mint, a detailed part of the federal sub-treasury, or a walking gold moine, but Oi will fraley give this yillow gintilman to hilp prosecute that vilian Richwald for his haineous crime, the schroundel."

"It is not necessary, Pat," said Torg. "The

prosecuting attorney does that and I have talked to him and offered my services gratis."

"I think, though, your honor, we should have Mr Landon called here to corroborate his letters, and talk with him concerning that other matter you and I discussed, regarding the bogus will Richwald conveyed to himself, and defrauded Ernest, of which as yet we have no substantiative proof, but hopes of proving."

"In the morning I will have the sheriff arrest Richwald and incarcerate him."

"Be dad can yes hang him, and thin have the thrial?" asked Pat.

"No Pat," said Torg, "incarcerate means to take away his liberty and place him in jail. I have had him shadowed for the past three weeks, and tonight I have an extra guard to watch him."

"That's good," said the Judge, "he must not escape."

"I think," said Torg, "everything necessary for the early conviction, but perhaps, Judge, you had better write to Ernest, and have him come as early as convenient and between you can decide anything further which might be convincing to a jury, you can inform me and I will incorporate any decisive evidence you may ferret out for the concluding part of the chain of evidence."

"I wish to dispose of the case as early

as the matter can be prepared, both for the pleasure of Millie as well as Ernest."

"Bedad, ye can thry him now if it plases ye. You have my consint. The dirthy shnake has did nothing but cause trouble since his advent, and oi woul ldoike to have a hand in the finish, not that Oi would do him bodily harrum, but just to satisfy an itching on the insoide of me that nades to be aised oop. Oi may not have the plisure to say aither of ye for some toime, and if ye made me services or inything along the loine of intilligince (bedad if oi didn't say a good worrud for meself, ye two docthers of the law would nivir praise me), a laythle praise before the hearse comes along, is not a bad thing, and if ye don't recognize me talints Oi'll have to find thim mesilf. Good night, gintilmun and the bist of succiss in the case forninst ye?"

"Good night, Pat," responded both Torg and the Judge.

"He is a travelling puzzle, Judge," said Torg.

"Yes," said the Judge, "but very conscientious, clean-cut and extremely honest. Never knew a better man in all my experience, and you cannot find his superior in the qualities I just mentioned."

"The same compliment that I would be pleased to pay to him," said Torg.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Home Again.

"Well I declare, Ma, I have just received a letter from Judge Wilhelm, and he insists that I come at once, as he has some very important news for me, and ends his letter by saying, do not fail to come."

"Wilhelm," said Ma, "that name sounds familiar to me. I once knew a man by that name and a fine man he was. When will you start, Ernest, and how long will it take to make the journey, and how long will you be there?"

"Well, Ma, I cannot say. It is indefinite to ascertain and depends as to the importance the Judge attaches to the request. What may seem highly important to him, may be trivial to me, but I hardly think so, as the Judge is a man of profoundness and must have something extremely good in store for me or the request would not have been made. I will not be in a position to complete my arrangements until the day after tomorrow, but by then I think, I can be ready to leave."

"I am very sorry to see you leave," said Ma, "and I hope you will soon return, but

such is life. We find friends devoted who are true and warm-hearted and then we lose them. I do not make a habit of eulogizing, but occasionally I hand out a bouquet as I pass along, of well-picked flowers, and here is yours, figuratively speaking, you are a most exemplary young man, and I thought you would develop into such. The day you arrived with that Bible under your arm, you remember I spoke of the good credentials you carried. I have become attached to you and have heard many good reports of several commendable deeds you have done in the purification and betterment of conditions and individuals. Good deeds travel slow, but they travel just the same, and I am proud of you, not only for the manliness you performed in the saloon episode, but several other things, and the main thing is you have intrinsic manhood and are not afraid to use it in the behalf of others. My God, Ernest, it is alarming at the vast number of good for nothing, worthless young men we have today, all over this land. It is a shame to call some of them men, as the most of them remind me of a pipe stem with a swaying head and a vile heart. They are too lazy to work, and they smoke, smoke, smoke all the time, cigarette after cigarette until it steals about all the brains they ever had, and their morals are obnoxious and

detrimental to growth of any kind. Why, if I had a daughter, there are not three boys that I would let her associate with. They are loathsome, lustful, profane and disgusting. What shams to keep our race alive. Lord pity the silly girls that throw their morals to the winds for such a class of worthless boys."

"Well, Ma," said Ernest, "you are pretty severe on the lads, that our country will have to call upon to protect and honor the flag we love."

"Yes, that is true Ernest, but wouldn't some of them be a magnificent aggregation in dress parade, as they go to Camp Funston or some of the other training camps. Would they measure up to the boys of '61?"

"Well, I do not know, Ma. Perhaps some of them might not when it came to manhood, but take the boys that have been called under the selective conscription, and they are a pretty fine looking set of manly fellows. Of course, they are the flower of the land, but the next and the later contingents after the draft is exhausted may not be as good, but leaving that part out, Ma, sad as it is, let us dwell upon the psychological portion of the theme for a short time. What is the cause, where is the trouble that so many of our boys are in the rut of decay? Is it the fault of the parents, or does it go back to the Bible declaration, that the sins

of the fathers shall be visited upon the third and the fourth generations? Is it attributable to the latter? If it is it must be coming out thickly in this generation. I am not scholarly enough to get the solution and base it on any real or sane fundamental principle, but I know it is true, as observation alone will signify that statement, but that it is not enough to satisfy, into the real cause, and then we are so negligent in procuring a remedy. I do not remember much about my father. I am told he was an honorable man, as was also his grandfather, and the same is true on my mother's side, and I am trying my best to live clean. There are many parallel cases like mine. Then where and how, does all this rottenness creep in, or does it come in sort of chunks and then cease for a period."

"You don't think woman suffrage has anything to do with it?" asked Ma. "You know women are taking an active part these days in politics and a good many other things that the men used to look after entirely. If they become so active in politics that the home is neglected, something must suffer, and if it does it must be the children of the home, for they certainly get neglected."

"That might be true in some cases, Ma, and here and there a youngster might suffer, and undoubtedly a good many do, but it is

an assured fact that women need the ballot to bring men back to their senses, and get better men in offices instead of tricksters, and those that will lend the aid of their offices to crime for self gain. And while here and there a child may be neglected, it is better to let a few suffer at the shrine of woman suffrage, than millions and millions at the neck of a whiskey bottle or some of the other perilous sins of our country. You have noticed, Ma, that as soon as a state allows women the exercise and the right of franchise, it is not long until that state bids good-bye to John Barleycorn. Give the women the credit Ma, and let them have the reforms that will come from the ballot, for it must come through them as I see it, the men have failed for over 400 years to raise the standards of purity, where I believe if the women had, had this reign of time to their credit, our country today would be resting on the pinnacle of cleanliness and nearer to the things that the life of Jesus teaches."

"I guess you are right Ernest, but somehow or other I always feel when a woman votes she has lost something of the closely-woven feminine portion that belonged to her wholly, and exclusive from man, something of that real noble, pure part of her, that dwelt closely to the innermost part of her soul, but I presume I must acquiesce and that the women must save our country

with the ballot as the men did with the bullet, or in other words, the ballot saves and reforms, where the bullet kills and destroys. But, say, Ernest, with an apology for personalities, what became of the feminine that used to write to you, and wrote you so many letters?"

"I thought, Ma, you were building your thesis to that point and womanlike you proceeded craftily and surely. I just simply cannot answer your question, Ma, and give you any plausible reason why the letters ceased, and between you and me, it was all I could do to remain a man after the letters from the one I loved so dearly ceased. The wound will never heal, and at times it bleeds and becomes so raw that I can hardly bear the pain. If you ever loved 'Ma,' you could understand better. I am not asking you to commit yourself or bring from archives of your past any old feelings, but if you ever loved and then lost, I sympathize deeply with you."

"I did, Ernest," said 'Ma' sadly, "and my poor lover lies in an unmarked grave somewhere in the Philippines. You remember that song, 'Just as the Sun Went Down,' but I guess you were too young. Anyway, my heart bleeds whenever I think of those words, 'One held a ringlet of thin gray hair, one had a lock of brown.' Oh, Ernest, my lover's was brown. Poor, poor boy!"

"There, there Mr.," excuse me for my elu-

cidation on love. Let us pass from it, or both of us will be sobbing like school kids. I never saw you so affected before and I am extremely sorry to see you so sad, for you certainly have a sunny disposition under all difficulties."

"Yes, Ernest, I am forced to drown my feelings and keep my mind on the bright things or I would die with grief. You brought so much sunshine into my life, and now that is taken away, and perhaps I may never see you again. What a sorrowful thing life is and what a complex puzzle it is beyond us all. First comes a little joy for a short time, then the heartaches are sandwiched in and then an occasional ray of sunshine as it flits quickly by. Ernest, never let melancholy be your master for over an hour a year, for if you ever get in its clutches, you will find it among the greatest demons of life to get rid of. If I would allow myself to brood over the pains and disappointments that I have met with in life, I would be either crazy or commit suicide. It takes a strong will when everything is working overtime to defeat you. I can easily see how so many people go the road of self destruction. They do it through worry and moroseness, which is not hard to cultivate if you allow it. I never do, for I fear it, and all the time live in dread of it. I just simply had to live it down by an over

supply of cheerfulness that is many times forced but helps to accomplish the desired results."

"Good for you, Ma, you are a choice specimen of the master's workmanship. I will never forget you, and if ever prosperity favors me I am going to give you a bonus for being a real woman, not only to one homeless boy, but to the untold numbers that you have helped and cheered. "Thank you, Ernest, I am not deserving, there are millions far better than myself and this country has an innumerable host of fine, splendid women, and a great many that should be good, homelike women that are saturated too strongly with society and diddle daddles that make me blush with shame to class as women, but nevertheless we have fine women in this land, the best and choicest that ever existed in any land live in America. But the men, goodness, the imposters, fakes and immoral wretches, about three clean men in a hundred, and I have no doubt, but that ratio is too strong, about two, 'Ma,' and both of them preachers."

"Preachers! Now Ernest, young as you are, you know better. Twentieth century preachers? Why, Ernest, you know the great portion of them have no superior premium on manhood."

"Ease up on the preachers, 'Ma.' A great

number are very noble men and hirelings get to be preachers as well as among other classes.. But say 'Ma,' what did you think of the high-toned banquet that was given those bankers in the basement of the church, and allowed them to smoke so many cigars and tell all kind of stories?"

"Well, to be frank, Ernest, I think it was sacrilegious and an insult to the teachings of the master. I never did believe the Lord wanted cook-stoves, dishpans and stew-kettles in this church, and then banquets that are rampant with wordliness, and never a sacred thought for God's ordained house dedicated to his service. I think the sooner such things are eliminated the better it is for spiritual growth. If the church allows banquets and cheap stories they might as well allow dancing and all kinds of vaudeville, for they are so close to the dance that many feet are itching to hoe it down. No church, as I see it, can advance as it should and let the Devil sleep in the basement."

"But say, 'Ma,' do you think preachers and those especially in the Methodist church should be continually asking for money until you are afraid to meet them for fear they will say Money, Money, Money. I think they may mean well, but become over-enthused and especially so if their salary is in arrears. I really think the Twentieth Century Methodist preacher does not sacrifice

like he expects the parishioner to. I fail to recall how long it is since I have seen a minister wear a garment that showed the least frayed portion or a patch. The merchants tell me they want the very best and are over particular in their demands, and if so, why should the parishioner do all the sacrificing. Now, 'Ma,' ease up on the ministers, you are too critical. You know this world would be unfit to live in if it were not for the men of God wearing out their lives to keep it fairly clean."

"That is true, Ernest, but if my version and observation is illogical, why are so many people talking about the ministers and the churches. I think as the word says, that we must shun all appearances of evil if we wish to get real close to the master, and from all appearances, the churches are getting like the lodge and allow the scum of the communities a life-long membership, when everybody knows that their characters are foul and nauseating to the smallest amount of decency. Why do not the churches clean house occasionally? Well, 'Ma,' it is ten minutes to four, shall we go on with the preachers and the churches, or sleep a few hours?"

"I presume we better get some rest, it may be more beneficial than trying to build a twentieth century discipline for preach-

ers," said 'Ma' as she departed.

Ernest glanced at the Bible a few minutes, as was his custom before retiring, and read, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." "Lord, if we did, forgive us, we meant no ill by it, and anyway bless both the preachers and 'Ma' along with all the rest, and forgive us if we made any false assertions, thou knowest if we did, and we leave it with thee."

"What is that noise?" said Ernest sleepily. "Must be I am dreaming of the Philippine war 'Ma' spoke of, and the enemy is making an attack, Ready boys, fire, hurrah!"

"Come on to breakfast, Ernest, before I break down the door. I have a fine repast ready, good enough for a Missourian," said 'Ma.'"

"Alright, 'Ma,' show me," said Ernest.

All day long Ernest had to hurry to get ready for his departure on the evening passenger train, and as he flitted here and there the time went hurriedly and before he realized it he had his supper and was at the depot waiting for the train.

What was that noise, sure enough, it is the town band with 'Ma' at the head as the leader.

"They made me lead them, Ernest, and I guess they are all here," said 'Ma.' "Not a bad procession, though."

"Hello, Ernest," said some one, and

Ernest recognized the ex-saloon keeper. "Just a minute," he said, as the band struck up. "Yes we will gather at the river." "You must excuse us for being so musical, we mean no harm and it is simply a demonstration of our love towards you, and each one here has asked me to express to you their great wishes, and as a further token of our esteem, we ask you out of the depth of our hearts to accept this gold watch and chain to remember us by. God bless you."

As a further climax to the pleasant surprise 'Ma' stepped up and kissed Ernest, and said, "I am not ashamed to kiss a MAN, good-bye Ernest, be a MAN and live clean."

"Good-bye, 'Ma,' and all of you," said Ernest, as he reached for his handkerchief.

"All aboard," said the conductor, and the train sped eastward.

CHAPTER XIX.

Warts of Gold.

"Ernest, I am glad to see you. Take that easy rocker; have you had your supper?"

"Yes, sir." "Well then," went on the Judge, "we can have an intellectual feast with yourself furnishing most of the provisions."

"No, Judge, I decline. Loquaciousness is your stock in trade and mine is listening."

"How did you like the people where you stopped?" asked the Judge, "and did you have a good lodging place?"

"Yes sir, fine, very fine, could not have been better, par excellence your honor."

"I am very glad to hear it," said the Judge, "I presume you stayed at a good place and enjoyed it. Good accommodations where you lodged?"

"Splendid," remarked Ernest. "I domiciled the entire time at a most excellent lodging house and ran by a most extraordinary and excellent woman, one of splendid temperament, kind, honorable, intelligent and every sterling quality any woman can possess were hers. I never learned until the eve of my departure that she had any sadness locked

up in her motherly heart, but the poor soul did and she told me all about it."

"What was her name, Ernest?" "Well, her first name was 'Ma,'" "Oh," said the Judge, "good home woman kind husband, loving children and all such requisities of happiness." "Oh no, Judge, just the reverse, no home or husband. Everybody called her 'Ma' on account of the interest she took in their welfare, she was a mother to everyone and wanted to carry all the trials and heart aches of the whole neighborhood, but I never inquired what her name was, 'Ma,' was all I ever heard her respond to." "Well, that is peculiar," said the Judge, "I never heard of anything similar to that before, must be a remarkable type of woman. Do you remember any marks of identity, different from other people, build, distinguishing characteristics, or anything along that line out of the ordinary."

"Well, let me see," said Ernest "nothing out of the ordinary in looks, physique or anything along that line, she is a woman of strong personality, clean cut, open countenance, a great lover of integrity and in fact all the beautiful attributes of a fine, commendable personage. I also recall she had one identification that was an odd one, and I will never forget it, she has three warts in a direct line towards the elbow, back of the

knuckle of the second finger on her left hand."

"That's her," said the Judge, "her name is Bonnie Hanford. I have searched this continent for a trace of her for the past twenty years. Delightful my boy, delightful. Not a finer woman in America. A splendid woman my boy, no wonder you liked her, and almost loved her. Great woman, indeed, great to labor among the needy and those who are discouraged, those that the storms of life have tossed and buffeted about and lost heart from the pains and sadness they have received in the battle."

"Yes, indeed," said Ernest, "'Ma' is always the good Samaritan and never inquires if the sufferer belongs to the Congregational, Methodist, Baptist or any other Church, but goes gladly and offers her services."

"You are right there my boy, this narrow-drawing of church denominations is unchristian and was never taught by the Master, but coming back to 'Ma' as you call her, I want you to wire her immediately, and you can step to the telephone and have the station agent transmit the message for you, and tell her to take the first train and come here as early as possible. We need her to help solve a twenty-odd year puzzle, she can do it, and it means \$250,000.00 to Ernest Landon."

"Why, Judge, your mind is not tottering, or non compos mentis is attacking you?"

"No indeed not, solid as it ever was. I will tell you the circumstances. Bonnie Hanford, alias 'Ma' was present when you were not very far away from the milk diet. Your father died seized of considerable property that afterwards became very valuable. On his death bed he duly signed his last will and testament leaving his estate to you, his only heir. Bonnie Hanford was present when your father attached his signature and signed her name as one of the attesting witnesses to the document, and the other witness is dead for many years. Your father's brother had a son about your age and bearing the same name as yourself, and the presumption has been in my mind and also in some other people's, this dead witness in whose custody the will was temporarily left, that through remuneration or otherwise, turned over this will to your uncle, John Landon (and who by the way was an honorable man), who died shortly after your father, and this will has never been found, but this other Ernest Landon has enjoyed the wealth that rightfully belongs to you. This cousin of yours is now incarcerated in the County Bastile on a charge of destroying the correspondence between yourself and Millie, and had won her sympathy through fraud and deceit. So you readily see, my boy the urgent presence of 'Ma' alias Bonnie Hanford for to unravel the dilemma and the further welfare for your

future and somebody else, of whom you might know. Further we have in our midst a lawyer and a reputable one by the name of Torg Raymond who drew your father's will and is going to conduct the case against your cousin, Ernest Landon alias Harold Richwald and to complete the chain of evidence and have every link indestructibly welded together 'Ma' is needed."

"Judge, this sounds so romantic, I can hardly believe it, I never dreamed I had a past so full of dark deeds. Are you positive in your statements that this you have conveyed to me is the truth?"

"Yes, sir, absolutely, did you ever know me to do the contrary?" asked the Judge as he knit his brows.

"No sir, I never did, or ever heard an assertion to such an end from any one, and though I can hardly believe what you have told me, and if any one else besides yourself, Pat, Millie or 'Ma' would make such a statement I would doubt the veracity, but coming from you I believe it and have not the shadow of doubt concerning the integrity of your statement. I certainly feel relieved about Millie and it clears up the mystery of the sudden break in her letters to me. I am dying to see her, but perhaps I had better wait until the trial is over and enjoy the happiness all in a bulk. Where and how is Mr. Brannigan, Judge?"

"Oh, he is the same high class Irishman, and to him you owe a debt of gratitude, he unearthed the clinching evidence that swung open the doors of the jail to receive your cousin. If you can, when you come into your own, place a few dollars to Pat's credit and do it in a way not to hurt his deep rooted independence and pride. I know it would be a blessing to him, as I heard him say not long ago something about being a small part of the Federal sub-treasury."

"Sounds like him," said Ernest, "and indeed I will remember him. Ten thousand dollars to him and another of like amount to yourself, 'Ma' and the lawyer, and six like amounts to some westerner friends. No trouble to spend money, is it?"

"Leave me out, my boy, I can get along."

"Sure you can Judge, but five hundred dollars would over reach your bank account, if you are anything like you used to be."

"Just about that amount, but I can get through," said the Judge.

"Well, no matter," went on Ernest. "You get the amount that I have appropriated. You will not be bothered long with it, if you still help needy people as of old. How much did you give away last Christmas, not accounting for the daily contributions?"

"Now Ernest, no enconiums, let not your left hand know what your right hand doeth, you know the rest."

"Al right, Judge, when the ten thousand is gone, you will get another. 'Tis a pity that there are not more men like you."

"But say Ernest, that book I gave you, did you read it, and how did you like the authors?"

"Well, Judge, that book was like an oasis in the desert, everytime I read it there was new and refreshing help and strength and I could read the same passage again and again, and each time there was something I missed the first time."

"When I first met 'Ma,' I said to her 'I will try and be another good child in your large family, and if I do not, then I will decamp.'" As I stood there with the Bible under my arm, 'Ma' looked at me and said, 'I will take you on probation, I like the looks of your credentials.' "

"That's exactly Bonnie," said the Judge, "open hospitality a life long trait." "And an admirable one," added Ernest.

"Ernest," said the Judge, "as soon as Bonnie arrives you bring her to me and we will have extra provisions at the feast you and I started in to have."

"All right, your Honor, we will both lay in stock for the honored guest."

"Good night, sir."

"Good night, Ernest, and may you enjoy sweet peace and rest till we meet again."

As Ernest departed from the home of the

Judge he glanced at his watch; fifteen minutes after nine, not very late yet, I think I will wander down to the old elm and try and borrow some of the nectar that the air was filled with the last time I was under its protecting care.. My, if I only could, the \$250-000.00 could go to fellows who sit and think and cannot figure out an honest livelihood, money cannot buy love or happiness, even if it does homage to the Creator by having the inscription "In God we trust." Of course it does buy a great many things, special trains, automobiles, society, giddy, brainless feminines, rich upholstered church pews, closeness to some preachers, false manhood and a good many other things, but not real love or a seat close to Jesus. The poor man without a dollar can have the latter things and I believe, they are the most essential to real and lasting enjoyment. Good land, but that looks like Millie coming this way. Lord, let it be true," and he uttered a silent supplication from the earnestness and hunger of a starving and honest heart.

"Is that you, Millie?" "It is I, be not afraid," she replied, "and where did you come from to solace a breaking and penitent heart?" "I object," he said, "put two numerals in part of your remarks and make it two hearts." "I will, most gladly," she said, "I was thinking of you and praying to him

who understands and knoweth all and asking forgiveness. You remember what the stream said, or rather what you said the stream said to you: I am the prodigal and it was all my fault to mistrust, and sinner that I am I come meek and lowly and ask your forgiveness."

"I forgive you, Millie seven times seven and all the other times the good book says in the wisdom of the inspired writer, it was not much your error, as that of some one else, as I have learned. Can you Millie, or do you wish to renew our allegiance under the protection of this dear old elm who witnessed our first love on this hallowed and blessed ground, but who knows nothing of the grief and heart aches between the two meetings." The sighing of the wind, said, yes; the playing moon beams yielded; the twinkling stars nodded, and the angels consented. "There, there dear," said Ernest as he patted her wet cheek, and satisfied the long hunger that brought solace and peace to both. The elm nodded its silent blessing as the evening zephyr wafted its sweet elixir on the two hearts beating to the rhythm of love, love, love. The following day and the next Ernest and Millie regained that which had been denied during the period of time that the letters had been destroyed.

"Listen Millie," said Ernest, as they sat beneath a cluster of the choice gifts of youth

and hope, "that's the whistle of the train that is to bring 'Ma,' we must go and meet her. Let us run so we can enjoy that holy treasure that is burning in our hearts. We will take 'Ma' over to the home of the Judge and then I will return to your home with you. 'Ma' this is Millie."

"Very glad to meet you, Millie," said "Ma," "I am glad to meet you—— 'Ma,' oh excuse me," said Millie, "I beg your pardon,"

"I am in error," said Ernest, "Miss Sommers meet Miss Hanford. I became so accustomed to the name of 'Ma' that I almost forgot that her real name is Hanford."

"How do you know my name Ernest," asked "Ma"?

"Oh," said Ernest, "by those three warts, but come on 'Ma' and explanations later."

"Judge Wilhelm meet 'Ma,' Miss Hanford, I mean. Good-byes until later, I must chaperon Millie home."

"Come in Miss Hanford, and be seated please."

"Well, of all the surprises in Christendom, I am certainly bewildered at this one, and I am certainly pleased to have the pleasure to meet you again."

"Not any more than I am to behold you," said the Judge, "I presume you are at a loss to understand this hurried call, and I will hasten to relieve the tension and explain it all to you and relieve any further anxiety,"

and the Judge told at length and covered the ground completely, why she had been sent for, the will of Ernest's father, the deceitfulness of Richwald, Millies forced neglect, and the peculiar story of the three warts, and everything concerning the matter at hand.

"Tomorrow 'Ma' Ernest will come into his own, and I am proud to have been able to help some. He is certainly an exemplary young man and well deserving of what lies in store for him."

"Yes, he is a splendid young man," said 'Ma' and then she told the Judge of the many moral projects he had been instrumental in during the time he had lived in the western town, and to cap the climax the band was at the train wishing him God speed on his journey and presented him with a gold watch and chain, "and recollect your honor the band only plays on occasions of state and the Fourth of July." "Well," said the Judge, "he never mentioned that to me, but he is that kind, not much for show or boasting. Why, he did not even know your name, and always referred to you as 'Ma,' and if it had not been for the three warts I never would have found you."

"I think, Ernest should have a gold mounting put on each one of them as a sort of gratification to the warts. Those pesky warts have been the recipients of much witticism and I have many times thought of removing them,

but now they have helped Ernest I will bear their humiliation a few years longer." "Be sure to come to the Court House early 'Ma,' I mean Miss Hanford," said the Judge.

"I'll be there," "Ma" said, as she departed.

CHAPTER XX.

Gathering the Nectar.

"You may open Court, Mr. Sheriff," said the Judge.

"Hear Ye, Hear Ye, Hear Ye, District Court of Square Deal County, now in session. Call the Veniremen, Mr. Clerk. Gentlemen of the Court, do you wish to use the preemptory challenges as you examine the Jurymen."

"No your Honor we waive the right."

"Mr. Prosecuting Attorney, please read the information. Stand up prisoner at the bar? You have heard the information read, what say you, guilty, or not guilty?"

"Not guilty."

"You may proceed with the case. Are you Mr. Raymond assisting the prosecution?"

"I am your Honor," replied Torg. "You may proceed with the case gentlemen. I call Mr. Webster. Come forward Mr. Webster. Be sworn please. Take the witness chair to the left."

"You may state your name, age, and place of residence."

"Speak louder so the Jury and the Reporter can hear."

"Alexander Hamilton Webster, age 46, residence Rainbow, Square Deal County, Tennessee."

Q. "What is your vocation Mr. Webster."

A. "Postmaster."

Q. "Postmaster at Rainbow, in the County and State you named?"

A. "Yes sir."

Q. "How long have you been Postmaster?"

A. "Ten years."

Q. "I presume your office is provided with a copy of the Postal Guide?"

A. "Yes sir."

Q. "You are governed by those laws, are you not?"

A. "Yes sir."

Q. "You are familiar with the duties prescribed by that guide, are you?"

Objected to as incompetent, irrelevant, no foundation laid, and not proper cross examination.

Mr. Raymond. "Your honor it is necessary for the witness to answer to this question as I wish to show his competency in basing the foundation for to build up later and more essential facts, and it is material to the facts as are so far presented."

The Court. "Objection overruled, you may answer."

A. "Yes sir."

Q. "You are governed entirely by those laws, are you not?"

A. "Yes sir."

Q. "Are you familiar with each duty as the guide prescribes the same?"

Objected to as misleading, and immaterial.

Mr. Raymond. "It is not a matter your Honor of the significance as to the material construction of the allegation, that would force me to qualify the question asked of the witness, and it would not gather import, as the foundation is laid, and the facts are already based upon evidence that is already introduced."

The Court. "You may answer."

A. "Yes sir."

Q. "Mr. Webster, I hold in my hand a copy of the Postal Guide, examine it and tell the Jury if this copy is the same as the one the Government provides your office with?"

A. "It is, yes sir, identically the same."

Q. "You are acquainted with the defendant in this case, are you?"

A. "Yes sir."

Q. "How long have you know him?"

A. "Something over two years, couldn't say exactly."

Q. "Are you familiar with the handwriting of Ernest Landon?"

A. "Yes sir, I am."

Q. "Did you ever notice letters from Ernest Landon, directed to Millie Sommers?"

A. "Yes sir."

Q. "Were those letters of Ernest Landon from Rainbow, California?"

A. "Yes sir."

Q. "And you are also familiar with the handwriting of Millie Sommers?"

A. "I am sir."

Q. "Have you noticed also, letters from Miss Sommers to Mr. Landon?"

A. "Yes sir."

Q. "How long to the best of your knowledge and recollection did the letters from Miss Sommers to Mr. Landon cease?"

A. "I cannot say precisely, but they ceased a long time ago, and after Mr. Richwald came to Rainbow."

Q. "Did Mr. Richwald ever call at your office for the mail of Miss Sommers?"

A. "Yes sir."

Q. "Did you give to him letters directed to Miss Millie Sommers?"

A. "Yes sir, I did."

Q. "Are you—wait Mr. Reporter and cross out that question."

Q. "Did Mr. Richwald ever give to you a written order from Millie Sommers, giving him authority to get her mail?"

A. "No sir."

Q. "Are you aware that you violated your duty and gave to Mr. Richwald the mail of another, without any permission to substantiate your action?"

A. "Yes sir."

Q. "Did you ever demand a written order from Miss Sommers?"

A. "No sir, I never did."

Q. "Why then did you allow Mr. Richwald to get letters belonging to another?"

A. "I have no reason to offer, other than a lax custom."

Q. "Has Mr. Richwald got mail belonging to Miss Millie Sommers, lately?"

A. "Yes sir."

Q. "When?"

A. "About four or five days ago."

Q. "Has Mr. Richwald mailed any letters in the past two years directed to Ernest Landon?"

A. "No sir."

Q. "That is all, you may take the witness."

"Attorney for defendant, you may excuse the witness."

The Court. "You are excused Mr. Webster."

Mr. Raymond. "I will call Mr. Landon."

"You may state your name and residence."

Ernest Landon, Sunrise, California."

Q. "How long have you resided at Sunrise, California, Mr. Landon?"

A. "About three years."

Q. "Did you receive letters from Miss Millie Sommers?"

A. "Yes sir."

Q. "How often did you receive letters from Miss Sommers?"

A. "Weekly, for a time."

Q. "How long as near as you can tell did you receive the weekly letter?"

A. "Between eight months and a year."

Q. "Then did they cease to come?"

A. "Yes sir."

Q. "And after they ceased to come you still kept up correspondence, or that is you still wrote to her?"

A. "Yes sir."

"That is all Mr. Landon."

"That is all," said the defendant's attorney.

Mr. Raymond. "I will call Miss Millie Sommers."

Q. "Miss Sommers you reside at Rainbow, Tennessee, do you not?"

A. "Yes sir."

Q. "How long have you resided at Rainbow, Tennessee?"

A. "All my life."

Q. "Are you acquainted with Ernest Landon, late of Sunrise, California?"

A. "Yes sir."

Q. "Were you corresponding with him?"

A. "Yes sir."

Q. "How often did you write to him?"

A. "I wrote to him every week."

Q. "What is the duration of time as near as you can tell, since you heard from him?"

A. "About two years, or near that."

Q. "Then the letters from him ceased to come, did they?"

A. "Yes, sir."

Q. How long have you known the defendant, Mr. Richwald?"

A. "About two years or near that length of time."

Q. "Was he authorized by you to get your mail?"

A. "Yes, sir."

Q. "Just a verbal authorization?"

A. "Yes, sir, he had my consent."

Q. "When as near as you can tell, did the letters from Mr Landon cease to arrive?"

A. "Something near two years to the best of my recollection."

Q. About the time then, that Mr Richwald became your mail carrier?"

A. "Yes, sir."

"That is all! That is all," said the attorney for the defendant.

Mr Raymond. "I will call Mr Brannigan."

"Wait, Mr. Brannigan, be sworn."

Mr Brannigan. "Dum it."

"Silence in the court room. Hold up your other hand, Mr Brannigan."

Mr Brannigan. "Shure, didn't ye tell me one toime to not lit the hands get acquainted, or something about kapeing the roight hand from knowin' what the lift hand is doing?"

Q. "Mr Brannigan is your name?"

A. "Yis, sir, and nivir a shame connicted with it."

Q. "How long have you resided in Rainbow?"

A. "Thirty-two years and tin days."

Q. "Do you know the defendant in the case, Mr. Richwald?"

A. "Oi'm not itching to know him."

Q. "I mean, Mr Brannigan, are you acquainted with him?"

A. "Bedad, but ye are all so polite to call me Mr. Brannigan, aivin the ould codger in the chair that all the time hits me as Pat, slopped over."

The Court. "Answer the question of the attorney, and be more explicit, and less of your own version of talking at length."

A. "Yis, a koind of a before brikfist aquayantance."

Q. "How long to your knowledge has he resided in Rainbow?"

A. "Something loike twinty-eight or nine months."

Q. "Did you at one time pick up a torn letter he threw away?"

A. "Oi did, sor."

Q. "Have you that letter in your possession?"

A. "Oi have it in me ould coat."

Mr Raymond. "Produce it."

Mr. Brannigan. "Thir she is."

Mr. Raymod. "I will ask the reporter to

read the letter, and then mark it Exhibit A."

Reporter reads the letter.

Q. "How did you know that Mr. Richwald threw the letter away?"

A. "Oi sane him give it a toss from where Oi was sthanding behoind a tray."

Q. "You were in the vicinity where the letter fell and were you out there in the care of your health."

A. "Yis, and looking for twinty dollar gold payces growing on plum trays."

"That's all. That's all."

Mr. Raymond. "I will call Bonnie Hanford."

Q. "You live in Sunrise, California, do you not, Miss Hanford?"

A. "Yes, sir."

Q. "How long have you resided there?"

A. "About twenty years, I think."

Q. "Do you know Ernest Landon?"

A. "Yes, sir."

Q. "How long have you known him?"

A. "Well, since my visit here of the past day, I find that I have known him all his life."

Q. "Do you know the defendant in the case, Mr Richwald?"

A. Yes, sir."

Q. "How long have you known him?"

A. "All his lifetime."

"Bedad, she has a fine mimory."

The Court. "Silence in the court room, or

I will be forced to fine you for contempt."

Q. "Is his right name Ernest Landon?"

A. "Yes, sir."

Q. "And the name of Richwald that he is known by is an assumed one?"

A. "Yes sir, it is."

"I will ask you Miss Hanford to relate the circumstances, or as nearly as you can, why he changes his name, and any other facts that are relative to the case."

Miss Hanford. "The defendant's father was a brother to the plaintiff's father and both were reputable men. The plaintiff's father died when he was very small, and at his death I was a witness to his will, or rather just before he died, and the other witness that signed his will at the same time I did, died shortly after the execution of the will, and the demise of the plaintiff's father occurred shortly after. The will was left in the care of the witness who died, and for some reason it was conveyed to the wrong Ernest Landon, as both the boys had the same name and—

"If your honor please," said the plaintiff, Ernest Landon, "this may be an extraordinary, and I beg your honor's pardon if I take any undue liberty in trespassing upon the etiquette or jurisprudence of the court, as it is not intentional and is done through ignorance, but in so far as this case is a plain one, and I have been defrauded and imposed

upon by my cousin who endeavored and did steal both wealth and happiness, I learned from that Book you gave to me, your honor, that we should have untold compassion with those that err, and I am going to present this opportunity, and chance to my cousin. If he will change his plea from that of not guilty to that of guilty and turn over to me the residue of my father's estate, I will ask the court for clemency in his behalf, withdraw the stigma which can be placed upon the name we both bear, and bequeath to him the sum of \$10,000. I stand ready to do this and carry out the essence of that passage in the Book your honor gave to me that recites so strongly about those that persecute you, and the reward in heaven that follows. I would rather have this reward, your honor, than to see my cousin humiliated, and if he has got any manhood for the name he bears, I will expect him to meet my request."

"I will be glad to do it," said the prisnoer at the bar, "and I publicly ask for forgiveness of all that I have wronged, and the dishonorable acts I have committed, and the scurrility I have been the means to attach to a most honorable name. I realize it is within the power of the law to punish me for my transgressions, and I thank my cousin for his honorable attitude in this, my dark hour. He is a man. Here is the will, take

it and forgive my treachery. I thank you all."

"Gentlemen," said the court, "is this course satisfactory to all concerned?"

"It is," came the response from those concerned in the trial.

"The Court discharges the defendant, and you can go hence without delay and I request that we all shake hands, and then bow our heads in a few moments of silent prayer, thanking the all wise Father, and these two young men for their manly motives, and the peaceful and commendable reconciliation. Court is adjourned, everybody stand and bow their heads."

After a short session of hand shaking and expressions of good will the crowd dispersed. Ernest, the peacemaker, busied himself in getting 'Ma,' Millie, Torg, Pat, and his cousin to agree to a meeting at the home of the Judge at 8 o'clock, P. M., to have a sort of jollification meeting.

Getting a promise from each of them they disbanded.

"Now," said Ernest, "for the surprise of the evening. In each one of these envelopes I will place my check for \$10,000, payable to Pat, Torg, 'Ma,' my cousin and the Judge, respectively. Millie will be surprised when she sees the minister there and I will give him a check for forty thousand dollars, one thousand for himself, and \$39,000 for home

missionary work. I will be ten minutes or such a matter later than the others, so I can present the envelope."

Promptly at the hour agreed upon all were there, except Ernest, and there was much conjecture at his tardiness. Shortly Ernest arrived and apologized profusely for his delay and then said:

"My friends, I have in my hand here a small token of my love and esteem for each of you, and I present it to you out of the depths of my heart, and I request that you abstain from opening it until the ceremony is performed," and then to each of the assembled guests he handed an envelope, and then he whispered something to Millie about sharing theirs together, and the smile that played on her face answered the request, or whatever he had asked her.

Ernest looked at the Parson, and the Parson understood and arose and performed the rites that made Ernest and Millie, man and wife.

After congratulations were administered and each vied with the other to say something extremely choice in their well wishes to the happy couple, the son of Erin said: "Be jabers, Oi must aise me curiosity ad relave me craving to foind out what's on the insoide of me invilope."

"Well," they all exclaimed, "we will fol-

low your example, Pat and see what the joke is."

"Bedad, bedad, ten thousand dollars to an ignorant Oirishmon, shurely ye don't mane it. Oi am sorry me boy, but oi have no roight to accipt it."

"Well," the exclamations came from all the rest, "the same amount for each of us that Pat announced."

"How noble of you Ernest," said 'Ma', and she broke down and sobbed at this remarkable tribute. She looked at her wrinkled and gnarled hands, that had done almost everything to make an honest livelihood, and could not realize such a good thing to be true. She gazed and gazed at the check, fearing her eyes were playing her some trick, then she walked over to Millie and Ernest and kissed them ardently, and bowed her head as she pronounced her blessing upon them.

"Be jabbers, Judge," said Pat, "ye and 'Ma' could amalgamate and soon have twinty thousand dollars betwane ye."

"Just the thing," said Millie, "I will give the Judge a diploma that covers character, honesty, integrity and all the other fine qualities contained in an honorable, upright, God-fearing man."

"And I," said Ernest, "will give 'Ma' the same kind of a diploma."

"Say Pat,' said Torg, "did you put those tacks in the road that day when Richwald, alias Landon punctured the tire?"

"Be aisy now," said Pat, "Oi have a bad mimory whin thrying to ricollict the ray-mimbrance."

FINIS.



